WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR MAY, 1808.

Character of the late COUNTESS DOWAGER MOIRA. Embelliſhed with an elegant Likeneſs, from an approved Drawing.

THIS lady, whoſe demiſe is announced in the liſt of deaths for the preſent month, was uncommonly gifted with great powers of memory, great quickneſs of intellect, and a peculiar eaſy yet ſplendid elocution, with which ſhe adorned whatever ſubject ſhe touched upon, whether the mere paſſing events of the day, the various topics of literature, or thoſe uſeful arts by which the community is benefited, and the reſources of a nation enlarged. Her acquaintance with ſuch branches of knowledge was by no means limited or ſuperficial, on the contrary, ſome learned ſocieties have borne reſpectful teſtimony to her acquirements in this particular, and the real utility which flowed from the productions of her active and diſcerning genius.

She was married to the late earl of Moira in Feb. 1752, and reſided in Dublin, or the North of Ireland (with the exception of one year's abſence in France) for more than half a century; for the long period of fifty-ſix years. Let thoſe who remember what Moira houſe was in the earlier days of that period, when ſhe led, and reflected a grace upon every beneficial faſhion: when ſhe cultivated the fine arts; when ſhe rendered her houſe the favourite ſpot where every perſon of genius or talents in Dublin, or who viſited Dublin, loved moſt to reſort to; let ſuch perſons ſay, whether Moira houſe, and its illuſtrious lady, as well as its truly noble and beneficent lord, deſerve not every panegyric which gratitude can beſtow. She was the laſt in a direct line of the great name of Haſtings—the laſt! a word when ſo applied, every liberal nature will dwell upon with melancholy ſenſations, even to enthuſiaſm—ſuch are perhaps the univerſal feelings of mankind, in favour of exalted birth, which a vain-glorious philoſophy never can eradicate, that when a race of nobility, diſtinguiſhed by the length of years during which they wore their honours uninterrupted, is finally terminated, the extinction of ſuch a family is regarded not without a generous ſympathy; but when the tomb cloſes on a noble matron, the repreſentative of a great houſe, with whoſe hiſtory the beſt,

and perhaps the moſt inſpiring images of our earlieſt days are aſſociated, and herſelf not inferior to any in that hiſtory, it is ſcarcely poſſible, even for a ſtranger, not to hang over that tomb without every motion of ſorrow, regret, and veneration. Such ſentiments may ill accord with a frivolous, and, in ſome reſpects, a ſelfiſh age. Be it ſo—yet this age, even under the influence of a more than iron war, and much bigotry, has not loſt 'all its original brightneſs,' but retains much of its good old virtues undiminiſhed. It poſſeſſes domeſtic charity at leaſt; and thoſe who know how to appreciate charity, will learn to venerate the memory of the counteſs of Moira, for in truth ſhe may be ſaid to have been charity itſelf.

She had a ſtrong reſemblance, in many reſpects, to her anceſtors: a a lofty ſpirit, magnificence of diſpoſition, untired hoſpitality—altogether ſhe was a lady of other times; and when ſhe mingled with ſociety, more than her increaſed infirmities would of late years allow, few perſons ever beheld her without ſomething of more heroic days paſſing in indiſtinct, yet ſplendid array, before the imagination. In the reception of perſons of the firſt diſtinction at her houſe, there was an air, a dignity, will hardly be equalled, and never can be ſurpaſſed. But the noble manner, the impoſing ceremonial of life, leave but ſlight veſtiges for remembrance, compared to thoſe intrinſic and domeſtic virtues, which give to the female ſex their trueſt ornament. In all the private relations of life, ſhe was, to the utmoſt, valuable! Her maternal duties ſhe fulfilled with the enlightened ſpirit, and more, perhaps, than the ſenſibility of a Cornelia. They could only be equalled by the unceaſing aſſiduities, the ſoothing tenderneſs, the ſweet, pious, and filial regards which accompanied her to her laſt hour—but ſorrow is ſacred, and the writer forbears.—He can only add, that this imperfect tribute is the product of an haſty, anxious moment, the effuſion of gratitude, reſting indeed upon the baſis of truth, but no exact delineation of lady Moira's character. The ſtyle is warm, for it flows from the heart; and who that knew her could write of lady Moira in a ſtyle inert and grovelling.

Ireland will long have cauſe to regret her—ſhe cultivated its beſt intereſts—to the gentry ſhe diſplayed an example of attachment to the country which they might have well imitated—to the peaſantry of all deſcriptions ſhe was a guardian friend—to every illiberal, party diſtinction, whether ariſing from a falſe zeal for the ſtate or religion, ſhe was an unprejudiced enlighted opponent. From the contemplation of ſuch a character it is indeed not eaſy to withdraw.

Elizabeth, counteſs of Moira, ſurvived her huſband nearly fifteen years.—She was daughter to Theophilus, and ſiſter to Francis, laſt earl of Huntingdon. Her mother was the lady Selina Shirley, daughter of earl Ferrers.—

Her ladyſhip was in her 76th year. At the age of twenty, ſhe became the third wife of the late earl of Moira, and mother to his two daughters the late counteſs of Mountcaſhel and lady Catherine Henry. The countess had a numerous family, of whom now ſurvive, Ann, counteſs of Ayleſbury; Francis, earl of Moira; John Theophilus; Selina, countess of Granard; and lady Charlotte Rawdon. The earl of Moira will receive a conſiderable addition to his fortune by this event

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Singular Inſtance of obtaining Mar

THE criminal court of Aix la Chapelle condemned to twenty years of impriſonment in irons, an un-

tunate wretch named Otten, an inhabitant of the village of Monk, on the frontiers of Holland, who supported himself in idleness by a sort of avocation which others pursued before him with success. He used to write to the inhabitants of the village and other neighbouring villages incendiary letters, by which he enjoined them to place in some certain part of the forest, a sum of money, in failure of which request their houses were menaced with being set on fire, and he also threatened similar destruction if they should communicate his requisition to them. He drove this trade for upwards of twenty years. The villages were thinly scattered over the country, and several houses stood in solitude apart from any immediate neighbourhood, and the practicability of this threat was so obvious, that those to whom the letters was addressed preferred depositing the sum Otten required, to running the risk of being consumed in a conflagration.—Otten was suspected, but no one ventured to accuse him—he was however discovered and seized by a person of the name of Zeygraff, who had received one of these threatning letters. Resolved to sacrifice some money to the detection of this knavery, he took some crowns which he had marked in a particular manner, and having called together some intelligent friends he desired them to notice attentively the private marks, and having so done he placed the money on the spot appointed. His friends and himself were on the watch to discover if those pieces were returned into circulation. The very day after, a daughter of Otten's brought one of the crowns for change; Otten himself brought another; and those two crowns which had been marked as has been mentioned, were the first which was placed in the possession of the magistrate preparatory to the prosecution. Several of the incendiary letters were found upon searching Otten's place, and the result of his prosecution was what has been stated.

Observations on the Conduct of General Whitelocke.

SO voluminous is the evidence on this trial, that, after the perusal, the mind has considerable difficulty in distinguishing the leading causes of our miscarriage at Buenos Ayres.—The lateness of the season, and the consequent bad weather, engages our attention as one of the principal obstacles to success—the hostility of the natives is another. And, it is not till after considerable reflection that we arrive at the true conclusion, namely, that although both of these were serious difficulties, our expedition was strong enough to overcome them, and that the grand cause of our failure was bad generalship.

Successful objects have been a prominent feature in the character of the greatest commanders, as Hannibal, Conde, Marlborough, Suwarrow, and Bonaparte. But in attempting bold enterprises, those men never forgot to adopt any precaution which could ensure their success. Bonaparte determined to fight the Russians at Austerlitz, but he passed the whole of the foregoing night in anxious preparation. Hannibal ventured to encounter an army twice as numerous as his own at Camæ, but he had contrived a plan of battle in which the numbers of his enemy were to be of no avail. Nelson attacked the French on the memorable 1st of August, as soon as he could approach them, but he had occupied a great part of his previous cruize in describing to his captains the various ways in which he would fight them, according to the particular situation in which they might be found. Marlborough marched into the heart of Germany to fight a pitched battle at Blenheim, against superior numbers,

but

but he revolved in his mind, during a long march, the meaſures which were likely to enſure ſucceſs. Now, the difference between theſe commanders and general Whitelocke conſiſts in this—that he attempted a difficult enterpriſe without taking almoſt any precaution whatever. It was natural to conclude that the troops would find no proviſions dreſſed on their march, yet no camp kettles were taken with them. It was to be feared that the march would be tedious and fatiguing, and that the ground would be wet, yet we find the troops directed to throw away their blankets in the middle of their march. The total abandonment of the country habitations afforded a clear proof of the hoſtile mind of the inhabitants, yet an aſſault is determined on, which was the very mode in which that hoſtility was likely to be moſt pernicious to us. The general appears to have taken no advice: he ſummoned his officers together, not to counſel him, but to receive orders. The only inſtance, indeed, in which he appears to have followed advice was in the unlucky adoption of general Gower's plan of attack. In this point theſe two officers ſeem to be at iſſue. General Whitelocke writes to mr. Windham, that his own plan was to encamp to the weſtward of the town of Buenos Ayres, and to bombard it with the aid of the ſhipping, but that he was induced to adopt the plan of aſſault ſuggeſted by general Gower. Now, the latter officer, on the other hand, ſtates, that general Whitelocke's plan was nearly ſimilar to his own, the idea of aſſault having occurred to them both. Whoever may be right as to this matter, it would appear that Whitelocke had been of a different opinion, for we find him, when at Monte Video, averſe to the plan of aſſault, and pointing out to general Crauford the formidable parapets on the tops of the Spaniſh houſes, and the facility with which the armed inhabitants could defend themſelves.

All the witneſſes agree, that the 8000 men with which Whitelocke ſet out from Monte Video were fully adequate to the conqueſt of Buenos Ayres, and nobody blames the troops. The attempt failed therefore through miſmanagement in the general. The badneſs of the ſeaſon, and the inveteracy of the natives, were ſerious obſtacles, but both were to be overcome with the means which he poſſeſſed. Inſtead of this, the troops are placed in a firſt moſt aukward ſtate on account of the badneſs of the weather, and, to get them out of this ſcrape, they are next expoſed to all the hoſtility of the natives. It is ſingular that none of the generals ſhould have expreſſed their diſapprobation of the plan of attack at the time it was exhibited to them. They plead that their opinion was not aſked, and that they did not conſider themſelves juſtified in volunteering them. Now this may do very well for an ordinary queſtion, but it is ſcarcely a proper apology in ſo momentous a point. The lives of the troops, and the ſucceſs of the expedition were at ſtake—all etiquet ſhould have given way before the vital conſiderations.

With a ſimilar want of precaution it was omitted to apprize the general commanding the columns of attack of the ſpot where the commander-in-chief was to be found during the day. The conſequence was, that for ſome any communication took place, and that general Crauford ,after his ſurrender to this unfortunate circumſtance. Now, it was no doubt ſtrange on the part of the general in chief to omit to mention where he was to be found, but it was no more odd that it never occurred to any of the officers to aſk him. If the truth were told, it is likely we ſhould find that the plan of aſſault was generally approved of. It is a moſt

warfare particularly adapted to the ſpirit of our troops, and this ſituation was ſo deſtitute, that they were naturally partial to get out of it by the ſpeedieſt means in their power. Hence it would ſeem that they reſorted to the alternative of an aſſault, without a due conſideration of its danger.

The concluſion which a reflecting mind will draw from this unfortunate expedition is not only that the commander in chief ſhould be puniſhed, but that the whole conſtitution of our army is in need of reform. Can there be a ſtronger evidence of an efficient head than the election of an unfit officer for a momentous enterprife. Would Bonaparte have acted thus? Let us reflect then that we have to contend with a moſt ſkilful enemy—that our army is, next to our navy, our pillar of ſafety, and let us ſeriouſly undertake the correction of thoſe abuſes which impair its energy.

The Incombuſtible Spaniard. (From Dr. Davies' Work, intitled, 'More Subjects than One,')

AS I have endeavoured, in various parts of my work, to introduce ſuch ſubjects as were in my opinion calculated to entertain my reader, I ſhall conclude by introducing one to him that will aſtoniſh him, and even, perhaps, ſtagger his confidence in the hiſtorian; I truſt, however, that the anecdote, though myſterious and incredible, *prima facie*, will be no longer doubted, when, to my own ſtatement, and to ſubſtantiate the facts I am going to mention, I adduce the concurring evidence of a highly accurate and reſpectable traveller.

Numerous publications have acquainted the world with the ingenious devices and ſhows inſtituted in Paris for the purpoſe of amuſing the community, and providing the inventors with a livlihood. The prophecies of cunning people in the ſtreets: divination of lottery-booths by the Turkiſh emperor, or ſome other puppet; the glaſs wheel of fortune; the golden chain of fate, and necromancy practiſed under various ſhapes, are conſidered as wonderful attainments of the human mind, and, by ſome perſons, even as the reſult of ſupernatural inſpiration. Next to thoſe curioſities may be likewiſe added the ludicrious exhibition on the Boulevards of a flea drawing an elephant, or conducting a carriage and ſix horſes, having ladies and gentlemen in it, a duel between two flies with the ſmall ſword; and ſingular miraculous entertaining ſights.

But the Incombuſtible Spaniard is the phenomenon who has excited univerſal aſtoniſhment and horror in the metropolis; who was feared by the police; whom the faculty tortured, in order to aſcertain whether his frame was equally inſenſible to cutting and blows as it was to the action of fire. This man had long been in the habit of drinking boiling oil or water in the preſence of numerous ſpectators, who aſſembled to witneſs the aſtoniſhing fact; and by way of refreſhing his mouth, holding one of theſe liquids in it while he waſhed his hands, arms, and face, in melted lead. Do not, ſuppoſe, reader, that theſe feats gave him any pain, or that he had the leaſt occaſion to repent of his temerity; on the contrary, having thus revived his fright and guſtatory nerves, he would, though I was not a witneſs of this fact, complete his toilet by rubbing on his ſkin a coſmetic lotion compoſed of aqua-fortis.

I have been aſſured that he would alſo occaſionally revert to the latter, by way of a cordial. And, with regard to pedeſtrian exerciſes, not any thing is ſo agreeable to him to tread upon, barefooted, when he would indulge himſelf with a walk, as red hot bars of iron; nor does he heſitate to take up in his hand the burn-

ing metal, and wipe his naked arm with it.

This unfeeling Spaniard has, by order of his torturer, been saluted with one or two ſmart baſtinadoes; but to a repetition of this operation he long ſince put in his veto, though he conſents to have inciſions made in the calves of his legs, and to allow a gold pin to be paſſed from one ſide of his wriſt to the other. Pain was once or twice the reſult of ſome deep inciſions in his legs; but he expreſſes not much uneaſineſs during the pin's ſhort journey from one ſide of his wriſt to the other.

M. Kotzebue writes thus of him: 'Do you ſee the jar of oil bubbling and boiling over a coal fire? The young man who takes it off drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without diſtorting a feature, rinſes his mouth for ſome time with it as if it were water, and ſpits it out ſtill boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, waſhes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes, which, however, he ſhuts. Having been purified by the fire, like the aſbeſtos, he takes a walk by way of a change, with his naked feet on a piece of red hot iron; and to refreſh himſelf he even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth be equally inſenſible to the flames of love, he is undoubtedly to be pitied. All this is no impoſture, but really happens as I have now related: but whether, as ſome aſſert, he cauſes a kind of ſalamander ointment to be rubbed into the ſkin, which is not to be perceived, I ſhall leave undetermined.'

This man is of a middle ſtature, thin, and of a coarſe and dark complexion; but his ſkin preſents no particularities, at leaſt, not to the naked eye of the obſerver. He is turned of thirty, and is exceedingly active. He can ſcarcely diſtinguiſh by his taſte one aliment from the other; ſmooth and rough bodies produce the ſame impreſſion to his touch; but although incombuſtible he is not inſenſible to the cold. He is in good health, and married; but has no children, or they might prove a valuable acquiſition to our fire inſurance offices.

He had engaged at Verdun, and I know not for what reaſon it was declined, to ſpend a ſhort time in a heated oven, and to retire when the joint that he propoſed taking with him ſhould be properly cooked. He might probably have had ſome fear of being baked himſelf, or why not, ſalamander like, have placed himſelf in the burning medium?

Such a being would of courſe engroſs a fire to the excluſion of every other perſon, and not perhaps be ſatisfied without ſitting down upon it; in which caſe, however, he would meet with no competitor.

It has been ſaid that this phenomenon employed a preparation to guarantee his body from the action of fire: again, that the fluids he took were not of a boiling heat; and the vulgar inſiſt that he carried Beelzebub in his entrails. Certain it is that he was ſhunned for fear he ſhould poſſeſs others with the devil.—*But is he not an impoſtor after all?*

Rules for Obſervation, and the Acquiſition of Knowledge.

1. 'LET the enlargement of your knowledge be one conſtant view and deſign in life; ſince there is no time or place, no tranſactions, occurrences, or engagements, which exclude us from this method of improving the mind. When we are alone, even in darkneſs and ſilence, we may converſe with our hearts, obſerve the workings of our own ſpirits, and reflect on the inward motions of our paſſions, in ſome of the lateſt occurrences in life; we may acquaint ourſelves with the powers and properties, the tendencies and inclinations,

ons, both of body and ſpirit, and gain more intimate knowledge of ourſelves. When we are in company we may diſcover ſomething more of human nature, of human paſſions and follies, and of human affairs, vices and virtues, by converſing with mankind, and obſerving their conduct. Nor is there any thing more valuable than the knowledge of ourſelves and the knowledge of men, except it be the knowledge of God, who made us, and our relation to him as our governor.

2. 'When we are in the houſe, or the city, whereſoever we turn our eyes, we ſee the works of men; when we are abroad in the country, we behold more of the works of God. The ſkies and the ground, above and beneath us, and the animal and vegetable world round about us, may entertain our obſervation with a thouſand varieties. Endeavour, therefore, to derive ſome inſtruction or improvement of the mind, from every thing which you ſee or hear; from every thing which occurs in human life; from every thing within you, or without you.

3. 'Fetch down knowledge from the clouds, the ſtars, the ſun, the moon, and the revolutions of all the planets. Dig and draw up ſome valuable meditations from the depths of the earth, and ſearch them through the vaſt oceans of water. Extract ſome intellectual improvement from the minerals and metals; from the wonders of nature among the vegetables and herbs, trees and flowers. Learn ſome leſſons from the birds and the beaſts, and the meaneſt inſect. Read the wiſdom of God, in his admirable contrivance of them all:—read his almighty power, his rich and various goodneſs, in all the works of his hands.

4. 'From the day and night, the hours and the flying minutes, learn a wiſe improvement of time, and be watchful to ſeize every opportunity to increaſe your knowledge.

5. 'From the viciſſitudes and revolutions of nations and families and from the various occurrences of the world, learn the inſtability of human affairs—the uncertainty of life—the certainty of death; from a coffin and a funeral, learn to meditate on your own departure.

6. 'From the vices and follies of others, obſerve what is hateful in them: conſider how ſuch a practice looks in them, and remember, that it looks as ill, or worſe, in yourſelf. From the virtues of others, learn ſomething worthy your imitation.

7. 'From the deformity, the diſtreſs, or the calamity, of others, learn thankfulneſs to God, who has formed you in a better mould, and guarded you from thoſe evils. Learn alſo the ſacred leſſon of contentment in your own eſtate, and compaſſion to your neighbour under his miſeries.

8. 'From your natural powers, ſenſations, judgment, memory, hands, feet, &c. make this inference—that they were not given you for nothing, but for ſome uſeful employment, to the honour of your Maker, and for the good of your fellow-creatures, as well as for your own beſt intereſts and final happineſs.

9. 'From the ſorrows, the pains, the ſickneſſes and ſufferings that attend you, learn the evil of ſin, and the imperfections of your preſent ſtate. From your own ſins and follies, learn the patience of God toward you, and the practice of humility toward God and man

'Thus, from every appearance in nature, and from every occurrence of life, you may derive natural, moral, and religious obſervations, to entertain your mind—as well as rules of conduct in the affairs of this life, and that which is to come.'

Watts, on the Improvement of the Mind.

Anecdote

Anecdote of Dr. Young.

DR. YOUNG was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute. 'For the same reason,' said he, 'that I took it out—to please myself.' The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening, however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and, making up to him, said, with great coolness:—'It was, sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of *my* company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*.' The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met; but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol. 'What!' said the officer, 'do you intend to assassinate me?'—'No; replied the doctor; 'but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man.' The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply.—'Now,' said Young, 'you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it'—The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.

Pedestrianism.

AS pedestrian feats seem to be so much in fashion, a correspondent thinks the following account of an extraordinary exertion may be worth perusal:—In the year 1789, Thomas Savager, *alias* Guinea Tom, a native of Kingsland, in that country, who was about 50 years old, five feet four inches high, and lame, from one leg being considerably shorter than the other, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas to walk 404 miles (the same number that the famous Powell accomplished) in six days.—The line agreed upon for the display of his agility, was on the turnpike road from Hereford, through Leominster, to Ludlow, and back again. Owing to the unevenness and badness of the road in general, and especially to the lofty hill of Dinmore, which he was obliged to pass at least three times a day, the odds at starting were a guinea to a shilling against him, and were still further increased on the third day by a fall of snow, which made the road exceedingly slippery and dirty. He continued his career, however, with infinite spirit, and won his wager within five hours of the time allowed. It appeared afterwards, by adding together the superfluous ground he had walked to his lodgings at Hereford, Ludlow, and elsewhere, contiguous to the road, that instead of 404, he had actually travelled no less than 429 miles.

Remark

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 210.)

CHAP. LXVI.

ELFRIDII ſhortly after arrived at the caſtle, and highly approved of Franciſco's ſtratagem and ſubſequent arrangements, although they now found themſelves obliged to extend the deception to conte Vicenza; and, in about a year after—contempt and obloquy having driven Polydore and the vile ducheſſa from Manfredonia to ſeek reſpect in France—Elvira, anxious to ſee her long alienated ſon, entreated to have him removed nearer to her; but this Polydore, ever ſhrinking from the glance of ſuſpicion, would not conſent to, but propoſed taking her to ſee her boy in the caſtle of the Pyrenees, upon condition that ſhe would accompany him thither alone, diſpenſing, on her journey, with the attendance of Bianca or any other domeſtic. To all this Elvira readily agreed and ſubmitted to having a bandage placed over her eyes in the foreſt; and in this hoodwinked ſtate ſhe was conveyed by Elfridii and Vicenza into the caſtle. She ſaw her ſuppoſed child, was ſtruck with his reſemblance to Viola; and Franciſco, during the whole viſit, trembled leſt the mother's penetrating eye ſhould diſcover that this was not her puny boy: but Theodore ſhe had not ſeen ſince the hour of his birth, nor Orlando ſince he was eighteen months old; ſhe had little recollection of either; and believing our hero dead, the mother's vanity was too much elated at the perfect beauty of her ſuppoſed child to allow a doubt to enter her mind as to his identity. Neither could Polydore detect the cheat: he had never before beheld Orlando, and had not ſeen his own ſon ſince he was ſix months old. He now thought him moſt wonderfully improved, and attributed this amazing change to Tereſa's ſurprizing care, and the ſalubrious air of the caſtle.

During this ſhort interview, believing Orlando to be her own boy, Elvira became ſo attached to him it was agony to think of parting; and, when forced away into the myſterious apartment, the violence of her temper brought on an hyſteric affection, which cauſed thoſe ſhrieks and moans Iago imagined occaſioned by the death-blow of the aſſaſſin, and which leſſened on his ear as the ducheſſa was borne through one of the ſecret paſſages from that chamber. And to cure Tereſa of a curioſity that might, on many occaſions, prove an annoyance to them, don Manuel and Garcias, by means of phoſphorous and ſome fantaſtic habits, cauſed thoſe dreadful appearances which left ſo incurable an impreſſion of terror upon the poor woman's mind.

As Orlando advanced in age, he diſcovered ſtrong ſymptoms of ſuperior talents; and Franciſco, a man of learning and tenderly attached to the boy, wiſhed to have his underſtanding done every juſtice to. Nor could he bear to have this promiſing child confined either to the ſociety of an old village ſchool-miſtreſs, or expoſed to the pernicious examples exiſting in the caſtle. When at home he could certainly cultivate his ward's genius: but then he was ſeldom at home except at hours when the child's health required his being in bed; and ſo much called out by his profeſſion, he could not be the conſtant preceptor and guardian of a boy whoſe enterpriſing ſpirit would ſoon lead him to throw off the trammels of old Tereſa. Perplexed and anxious beyond meaſure for the welfare of his darling, he mentioned the ſubject to Elfridii the next time that fiend viſited the caſtle.

Elfridii heard him with the malign ſatisfaction of a dæmon; for theſe perplexities opened to him a mode for

the execution of a further plan of vengeance upon Lorenzo, which no heart but that of a fiend could ever have conceived. He wished to awaken Lorenzo's affection for his son without his knowing him to be such; and then to strike his heart with a fell blow, the most direful a parent's heart could receive. He therefore appeared to enter into all Francisco's anxiety; and advised, could any man among the captives be found competent to the task, to appoint him preceptor to their little charge. Elfridii undertook to question Garcias upon the interesting subject. Lorenzo of course was elected; to whom Garcias offered kind treatment and emancipation from a dungeon, on condition of his binding himself by a solemn oath to conceal his name, his rank, and his misfortunes, from every individual he might meet with during his captivity.

It must be supposed the wretched captive who had groaned beneath a load of chains and mental misery in a noisome dungeon for almost two long years, should joyfully accede to such a proposal. There was now nothing in the world for Lorenzo to return to; all his misfortunes left him to wish for was a less rigorous confinement during the remainder of his days; and to announce himself to the individuals he might meet with in the castle, or talk to them upon the subject of his dire calamities, could be no gratification to a mind like his. Unhesitatingly therefore he took the oath; his fetters were knocked off; he was restored to the light of heaven, and introduced to Francisco under the simple appellation of signior Sebastian, as a preceptor for his ward.

It would have been impossible for the dearest friends of the unfortunate duca now to recognise him, since he arose from the dungeon to all appearance full sixty years of age; so much had grief, cruel treatment, and confinement, taken from his youth. And Elfridii feared no detection, since the schemes which drew Vicenza to the Pyrenean castle seemed all completed, and there was then no prospect of his ever returning thither. In the apartments of Francisco, Lorenzo saw the lovely boy for whose sake he had been released from his dreadful prison. Orlando looked earnestly at the interesting figure before him; smiled sweetly up at him; and, in the melting voice of kindness and sympathy entreated him to take some grapes Iago had just gathered for him. The voice, the smile, the earnest gaze, all struck upon the heart of Lorenzo; in all he traced Viola. He burst into tears, and bitterly he wept; but, believing that he had seen his own child expire, no idea of the possibility of this being his, ever entered his agonised mind. He quickly, however, summoned back all his fortitude, apologised to Francisco for his weakness and from that hour Orlando became an object that called back some of his tendrest feelings to this world, and upon him his heart fondly rested.

From this period Elfridii carefully avoided that part of the castle where it was possible for him to be seen by Lorenzo, who never penetrated further than the library into the apartments of don Manuel, who he had not the most remote suspicion was the identical Ambrosio to whom he attributed the most direful of his calamities; nor had don Manuel the least idea of who this his interesting captive really was, since in that knowledge Elfridii and Garcias took care that none should participate with them. But though Lorenzo confined himself to the precincts of his prescribed apartments, his lively pupil often trespassed beyond bounds in quest of his two great friends and playmates, Thomas and Diego. Don Manuel and Francisco were at first

extremely ſtrict in the confinement of Orlando to his own private apartments; but ſoon (like many good intentions,) as the novelty of the reſolution wore away, they relaxed in their attention to it. As Orlando advanced in years, and that exerciſe became neceſſary for him, his guardian was compelled to admit of his penetrating further into the caſtle grounds, and attend in the riding-ſchool; when ſoon, from attentive obſervation, the anxious Lorenzo ceaſed to tremble for the effect of pernicious example upon the heart of his pupil, ſince with tranſport he ſaw the only impreſſion vice made upon him was to increaſe his love for virtue. In theſe rambles about the caſtle, Orlando's deteſtation of Garcias took root, whoſe hatred to the ſuppoſed Theodore aroſe from his having an incorruptible heart, ſince the knowledge of whoſe child Orlando was, had not been confided by Elfridii even to this ſworn co-adjutant.

When Orlando was in his ſeventh year, don Manuel, in ſome of his piratical ſucceſſes, took a rich prize bound from America to Cadiz, on board of which was an African boy, the adopted child of a Spaniard of ſome conſequence in Spaniſh America, who had ſent the boy, then eight years old, to Europe for his education. This child, named by his Spaniſh patron Hippolyto, was remarkable for his uncommon beauty, and the elegant ſymmetry of his figure; and Franciſco was ſo much ſtruck by his appearance that he wiſhed to ſave him from deſtruction, and requeſted him from don Manuel, that he might bring him up as a proper companion for the ſuppoſitious Theodore. The requeſt was readily granted; and Hippolyto evinced ſuch docility of mind and extent of talents, that Lorenzo undertook his education, both for the boy's own advantage and for the influence of emulation over the great capacity, but too often idle humours, of his beloved pupil. The power of emulation ſoon evinced itſelf, and both boys gained information with aſtoniſhing facility.

When Hippolyto had attained his ſixteenth year, an elder brother of Franciſco, an abbot of great learning, whoſe convent was at Naples, and who kept up a conſtant correſpondence with Franciſco as one of the holy fathers of San Francis at Cadaques, wrote to inform his brother that he was almoſt totally deprived of ſight by cataracts; and entreated him to ſend him, if he could, a well-educated youth, who could bear the total confinement of a monaſtery, as a reader and ſecretary to him. This was an opportunity of amply providing for Hippolyto, which the good properties of Franciſco's mind would not allow him to diſregard. He well knew that his own death would be the final deſtruction of Hippolyto, who upon that event muſt inevitably become again the vaſſal of don Manuel. He conſulted the duca upon the important ſubject, who, though grived to loſe the ſociety of Hippolyto for his dear boy, ſtrongly adviſed, for the unfortunate African's ſake, his being immediately ſent to the good abbot. Franciſco, therefore, uſing every precaution to prevent Hippolyto's having the power, ſhould he ever have the inclination, to lead the officers of juſtice into the caſtle, diſpatched the young man to his really amiable brother, accounting to don Manuel for his abſence, by ſaying the inquiſition demanded his ſervices; and don Manuel dared to make no further inquiry.

The grief of Orlando upon loſing his beloved companion was exceſſive; and to moderate it in ſome degree Franciſco, who was all indulgence to him, brought Matilda from her convent to his own apartments, and there

there preſented her to her father and brother as donna Matilda Almanza, a ward of his, whoſe ſociety he would ſometimes gratify Orlando with.

Matilda had been carefully nurſed in the convent of Santa Maria, and received there all the education a number of illiterate nuns could give her. Her temper was ardent, her manners were lively, and her ſpirit was of that haughty nature which required the gentle but ſteady hand of maternal judgment to curb and ſoften; and to the voice of affection only would ſhe bend. With feelings the moſt acute, ſhe was tremblingly alive to every ſlight and every kindneſs; and, for want of a judicious education, the impulſe of the moment was her only guide.

In his viſits to Santa Maria, Franciſco with concern ſaw how fortunately for herſelf this lovely child had been trained: he ſpoke of his diſtreſs to Elfridii, who heard it with dæmonian joy. His diabolical plan was to unite the children of Lorenzo, and then to rend at once the wretched father's heart by the maddening knowledge of their cloſe affinity to him and to each other. He therefore, under the veil of deep intereſt for Matilda, adviſed Franciſco to introduce her to Sebaſtian, who poſſeſſed all the powers of improving her underſtanding, and might find means to correct the foibles of her mind. During the frequent abſences of don Manuel (Elfridii ſaid) this plan might ſafely be purſued, and earneſtly he wiſhed it that ſucceſs it ſeemed to promiſe, ſince he had future plans which he would now in confidence diſcloſe to his dear Franciſco. The amiable youth whom they had impoſed upon don Manuel for conte Vicenza's ſon was in fact the offſpring of two dear friends, of his (Elfridii's), who had, relying upon his honour and ſecrecy, entruſted their child to his protection; that an ample fortune would in time be this youth's; and in compaſſion to the deſtitute ſtate of poor Matilda, he had formed the project of uniting her, if poſſible, to their mutual charge.

Franciſco was ſoon talked by the wily Elfridii, into an anxious wiſh for the ſucceſs of this project: Matilda he therefore introduced to the ſociety of Lorenzo and Orlando as often as the abſence of don Manuel made it prudent. From the curioſity of the ſiſters of Santa Maria he had nothing to apprehend, ſince he knew they would not dare to queſtion their boarder relative to where an inquiſitor and their confeſſor took her.

Orlando and Matilda ſoon conceived for each other all that pure and ſincere affection that nature would have inſpired had they been aware of their conſanguinity. Lorenzo loved and admired the playful child, while with concern he ſaw the defects in her temper and of her education. With the gentle and perſuaſive voice of kindneſs, he ſet about amending the errors of each. Matilda reſpected and loved him, therefore every word he uttered made a laſting impreſſion: ſhe received lectures and leſſons alike with gratitude from him, and ſoon evinced the moſt ſatisfactory improvement from both; and as to Franciſco ſhe alſo looked up with reverence and regard, ſhe now knew no happineſs equal to her viſits to her guardian's habitation. No wonder, then, that ſhe preſerved in her ſilence and ſecrecy to her companions in the convent, ſince upon her ſecrecy and ſilence, Franciſco informed her, the continuation of this great indulgence depended; and thus denying her only improvement in the ſociety of men, our reader will not wonder at her deficiency in thoſe feminine graces ſo faſcinating in woman.

Matilda repeated her clandeſtine

visits for nearly two years, advancing daily in her important improvements, and in the affection of her father and brother, when Elfridii desired Francisco to inform the young pair that a marriage between them was agreed upon by their friends, and was shortly to take place.

Orlando heard the intelligence almost unmoved; he felt no emotion of repugnance, and none of satisfaction, except in the idea that it would insure him the constant society of his lively companion; but Matilda was almost wild with joy; she considered her marriage as her emancipation from the gloomy austerities of ignorance and a convent, and that she should now be enabled, without interruption, to pursue her improvements in the loved society of Theodore, Sebastian, and Francisco.

The day for this dreadful union was at length appointed by the diabolical Elfridii, and the ceremony was to be performed by Francisco in the church belonging to the castle. The duca was sincerely grieved that the friends of these little more than children should determine thus early upon their union; he saw that, though they were firmly attached to each other, their attachment was not of that tender kind which he thought should accompany them to the hymeneal altar: but he had, he believed, no right, unsolicited, to offer an opinion upon the subject; he was silent, therefore, though anxious and concerned.

The day appointed for this horrible event drew near, to the malign gratification of the diabolical Elfridii; but the eye of Omnipotence was upon his purposes, and the angels of mercy were sent forth two save two innocent beings from a doom the most direful, and to lead the most sinful of sinners to repentance. A few evenings prior to this intended marriage, a sudden and most tremendous thunder-storm prevented the return of Matilda from the habitation of her guardian to Santa Maria; no carriage would be brought there to convey her home; and the rain fell in such torrents, the peals of thunder were so violent, and the lightning so dreadful, that not a thought could be entertained of her quitting the castle that night: it was therefore agreed that she should occupy Orlando's chamber, and he a couch in Lorenzo's. The storm continuing with unabating terrors during the greater part of the night, it was late when the little party seperated: but at an hour even unusually early Orlando left his couch in the morning; and unrefreshed, and with a mind most painfully disturbed, he entered the apartments of Francisco, when the too evident alteration in his whole appearance called forth the most eager inquiries of the monk relative to the cause. Anxious to unbosom himself to Francisco, yet fearing the laugh of ridicule for what might be deemed his superstitious weakness, he stood for some moments irresolute; but upon his being more tenderly pressed to an explanation by the now terribly alarmed father, he hastened to speak.

'Believe me, my kind, my anxious friend, I am in perfect health,' said he; 'but'—Orlando paused in evident distress, at length he continued, while every line of his intelligent countenance pourtrayed horror—'how will you, with such a cultivated mind as you possess, contemn the poor simple boy for weakness, when I confess a dream has thus deranged me—has shaken my very soul with horror the most horrible?'

Before Francisco could reply, Matilda entered with faultering steps, her face wan and agitated, her beautiful eyes in mournful contemplation fixed upon the ground. Her appearance, too, alarmed Francisco—he caught her hand, it trembled, its

death-chil ſtartled him—'What ails my child?' he cried: 'Have you too had a horrid dream?'

'Dream!' exclaimed Matilda in violent perturbation—'Oh, holy virgin! who could tell him that I had ſuch a dream?' Then ſinking into a chair, the horror her countenance betrayed was ſoon relieved by tears. The agitated Orlando attempted to bring her a glaſs of water: but when drawn near to her he ſuddenly ſtopped, his feet ſeemed rivetted to the ſpot, and his trembling hand let fall the glaſs; while Matilda with a ſhuddering motion drew back her chair, as if to fly from him.

'For mercy's ſake, my children! tell me,' cried the agitated monk, 'what can have thus dreadfully deranged you both!

'You have already, holy father, gueſſed the cauſe of my emotion,' replied the ſobbing Matilda. 'A dream, or rather viſion of my waking fancy, has taught me to ſhrink with horror from being united to Theodore.'

'Oh! God omnipotent!' exclaimed Orlando, ſhaking with agitation: 'ſpeak, Matilda! inſtantly ſpeak, and tell the ſubſtance of that viſion.'

'Kept ſo long waking by the ſtorm laſt night,' ſaid ſhe, 'I was fatigued; and when at length I fell into a ſleep, it was profound; when methought the moment of our union was arrived, and that we knelt before the altar in the caſtle-church—father Franciſco performing the ceremony—a tall, ſullen, and malici us-looking man the only witneſs. The holy father read with marked impreſſive devotion; and when, at length, he ſolemnly charged us 'to declare if any cauſe exiſted why we ſhould not be united,' the altar candles were ſuddenly extinguiſhed, and the altar-piece, which was before a black marble tablet, as ſuddenly changed from an opaque to a tranſparent body.'

Orlando's tremor increaſed to ſo violent a degree that he was forced to ſeat himſelf. Matilda continued—

'The marble at once aſſumed the appearance of clouds; and rapidly diſſolving, while they emitted a bright lambent flame, a beautiful female figure clad in the drapery of death, emerged from it, and, raiſing a long white veil, diſcovered the moſt celeſtial countenance I ever looked upon; while from her boſom iſſued a ſtream of blood which flowed to the ſtranger's feet, and there congealed: mournfully, but ſweetly, ſhe looked upon us, while I heard a voice, which ſeemed to come from heaven, loudly and awfully pronounce—'Franciſco, deſiſt!—The children of the ſame parents cannot be united.'

'We fell proſtrate on the ground—the phantom ſpoke—'Look up, my children! behold thy mother!—My ſon! wed not Matilda; ſhe is thy ſiſter!' Then turning to the ſtranger (oh ſo majeſtically!) impreſſively ſhe ſaid—'Elfridii, beware! Thy crimes are regiſtered in heaven!' The ſtranger fell to the ground, the phantom vaniſhed, and awful terror awoke me; when in my chamber I beheld, at my bed's foot, the ſame moſt beauteous phantom. I thought this ſtill the deluſion of my dream; I ſtrove to rouſe myſelf; I ſat up in my bed, and ſtill beheld her; a gentle ray of light gleamed around her; her hands were claſped as if invoking bleſſings on me, but her lips moved not: and yet diſtinctly I ſeemed to hear theſe words—'Matilda, wed not thy brother!' The phantom now gently receded, and, and as ſhe vaniſhed from my ſight, the ſame dreadful words ſeemed to be even more impreſſively repeated.'

Orlando ſunk upon his knees—

'Matilda

'Matilda!' he cried, 'kneel with me. And thou too, holy father, wilt thou not join with us in grateful thankſgiving to the omnipotent God of mercy, who ſent his angel forth to ſave us from perdition? Even ſuch was the purport of theſe viſions, which have made an impreſſion upon my mind ſuch as Heaven alone could influence; and not the authority of Elfridii, who I now ſuppoſe is our myſterious guardian, nor even tortures, ſhould now compel me to this union.'

Franciſco was ſhaken to the ſoul with awful horror. In no converſations with either of his wards had he allowed the name of Elfridii to tranſpire, yet in the moſt awful manner it had been revealed to them. Much as he loved Elfridii, he believed him capable of any crime. He dared not to doubt the object of theſe viſions; and he was firmly convinced they were, by the interpoſition of divine Providence to reſcue two innocent beings from the malice of a dæmon. He joined them in thankſgiving, entreated them never to mention the name of Elfridii to Sebaſtian or any other perſon, and determined not to delay diſcloſing to Elfridii theſe ſupernatural tranſactions in a manner moſt likely to wreſt a confeſſion from him.

CHAP. LXVII.

As ſoon as poſſible Franciſco conducted Matilda back to Santa Maria, where ſhe was now ſolicitous to go; and upon his return he called at the apartments of Elfridii, low in the boſom of a cavern, where he then was ſtaying ſecretly, and unknown to any of the caſtle inhabitants except Franciſco and the old negro Iago. Franciſco deſired his friend to meet him at midnight in the nave of the church, upon important buſineſs. Elfridii was true to the appointment. They met in the arcade; each carried a lamp, which rendered the gloom of this awful place more viſible. Franciſco led the way to the altar: upon the ſteps of which he placed his light, and then ſeated himſelf upon the baſe of a monument before it. Elfridii followed his example. Then, looking around, the ſombre ſolemnity of the place, the hour, the ſepulchral figures, all conſpired to make his evil conſcience whiſper fear.

'Gaſſendi,' ſaid he, in a voice compoſed of alarm and anger, 'what need of meeting in ſuch a place as this?'

'All places are alike to the juſt,' returned Franciſco ſolemnly: 'beſides, our buſineſs is of importance, and I wiſh our converſation only to be heard by him from whom no ſecrets are concealed.'

'Pſhaw! Gaſſendi, do not effect the ſanctified bombaſt of prieſtcraft to me, who know you. Speak upon this mighty buſineſs quickly. I am in haſte to quit this chill place, which makes me ſhake with cold.'

Elfridii did tremble, but not from cold.

'My buſineſs is the important ſubject of the union of Theodore and Matilda, which you have determined ſhall take place at this very altar three days hence. Am I not right as to your determination?'

Elfridii bowed aſſent.

'Then to the foot of this very altar, where you have reſolved the vows of theſe young people ſhall be plighted, I have now ſummoned you; and at this awful hour, when nature ſleeps, but nature's God obſerves you, to pauſe, reflect, conſider if there is any cauſe exiſting, either moral or religious, to frown upon this union.'

The dark countenance of Elfridii aſſumed an any hue; he changed his poſition ſeveral times, and after many unſucceſsful efforts, at length articulated in a voice of firmneſs—

'This new ſcheme of ſanctity, Gaſſendi, has certainly deranged you.

What can have awakened a ſuſpicion of the exiſtence of an obſtacle to this union? I tell thee, pretended zealot, there *is* none *can* be none, *ſhall* be none!' and he raiſed his voice to a tone of anger, to conceal ſome other emotions.

'Conte Elfridii, I would recommend leſs intemperance to you,' replied Franciſco calmly; 'ſince, in defiance of your vehement aſſertions, I can produce an inſurmountable one, in the young people's poſitive refuſal ever to be united.'

'Curſe!' exclaimed Elfridii, gnaſhing his teeth, and ſtriking his forehead with violence, 'how dare they refuſe? Who has taught them to diſpute my authority, to diſappoint my wiſhes?'

'Heaven,' Franciſco ſolemnly replied. 'Heaven,' has revealed ſome dreadful truths to them; Heaven has diſcloſed an important ſecret: and Heaven's own agents told them they were too nearly allied by blood ever to be ſo by marriage.'

Elfridii ſtarted from his ſeat, ſtaggered back a few paces, and found ſupport againſt the pillar of a colonnade. The eyes of Franciſco were fixed upon him; he caught their ſcrutiniſing glance; and his ſurpriſe and fear now effervefcing into rage and reſentment, he darted forward and ſeized Franciſco by the collar.

'Villain! impoſtor! even the inquiſition ſhall not now protect thee from my vengeance,' exclaimed he in the moſt convulſive tones of paſſion. 'Thou lieſt, Gaſſendi: there is no Heaven to reveal ſecrets: and this prieſtcraft ſhall not terrify me into diſcloſing what I choſe not to impart.'

Temper and right gave Franciſco the advantage in ſtrength: he diſengaged himſelf from Elfridii's graſp, and, drawing forth a piſtol preſented it at his competitor. Elfridii attempted to retreat.

'Stay, conte Elfridii,' ſaid Franciſco: you ſhall not go until you hear all I have to ſay, or by Heaven, your life ſhall inſtantly be the forfeit!

Elfridii no longer attempted to go, but ſupported himſelf againſt a pillar, while Franciſco impreſſively related to him the dream or viſion of Matilda.

The idea that Franciſco had by ſome unforeſeeen mean developed the ſecret of Orlando's birth, by alarming Elfridii threw him of his guard, and drew from his emotions an almoſt poſitive, though tacit, confeſſion of the truth. But the ſtory of the viſion reſtored at once his ſelf-poſſeſſion: he now believed ſuſpicion of the fact had unaccountably ſtolen into the boſom of Franciſco, and that this pretended dream was an artful fabrication of his own, to gain a confeſſion by working upon his feelings. Elfridii was a determined atheiſt, and every thing was held by him in the moſt ſovereign contempt that argued in favour of ſupernatural agency: inſtead, therefore of the awful fact Franciſco related having the deſired effect, Elfridii treated them with deriſion, and laughed the relater to ſcorn.

But Franciſco cared not for his ridicule or contempt; for, though in many inſtances an unequivocal libertine, he was a firm believer, and doubted not, that, although Providence had ſeldom recourſe to ſupernatural agency, its power over all things was omnipotent. But he wanted further conviction of the relationſhip of his wards, Elfridii's emotions would have conveyed it, and he now reſolved, if nothing elſe could ſtop the vile purpoſes of Elfridii, to call an even inquiſitorial aid to prevent an union which Heaven itſelf ſeemed to diſapprove. Having now, however, no further buſineſs with a man whoſe infidelity left no thing to hope for from him, he wiſhed him a good night; and theſe [illegible]

ſworn friends now for the firſt time parted angry and diſguſted with each other.

Franciſco returned to his apartments, wiſhing he had firmneſs enough to break off for ever with Elfridii and all evil; while Elfridii purſued his way with a heart full of malice, indignation, and chagrin, at having thus unexpectedly an impediment placed in the way of his favourite project, by the whining ſuperſtition of a profligate prieſt. But although provoked and diſconcerted, he reſolved that even the life of Franciſco ſhould be ſacrificed for the ſucceſs of his diabolical ſcheme; and with his mind full of rage and a thouſand contending evil paſſions, it was no great wonder that he ſhould miſtake his way, in a kind of labyrinth through which he had to paſs

Curſing Franciſco's fate, and his own ſtupidity, he wandered about ſome time in ſearch of the right path, but in vain; and well as he was acquainted with the ſecrets of the caſtle, by having neglected the neceſſary obſervations as he paſſed, he found himſelf completly perplexed. Now called to his own individual ſituation, his paſſions ſubſided in anxiety for himſelf. Fear again trembled in his boſom, and thoſe ſuperſtitious feelings he ſcorned in Franciſco ſeemed now for the firſt time to aſſail him. At length, after having for ſome time traverſed a long and winding paſſage, he thought he heard the ſound of feet behind him. He turned in alarm, but no one could he ſee. This kind of inveſtigation only increaſed his apprehenſions; and when he again ſtepped forward, he fancied he ſaw ſomething flit acroſs his path. He ſtopped—he faltered—his heart beat fearfully; a death cold hand ſeemed to graſp his; the lamp fell from his convulſive hold, and at once expired.

(To be continued.)

The Myſterious Recluſe.

'*I CAN* but try,' ſaid the landlady. 'I will go to her, and if ſhe chuſes to take it amiſs ſhe may. In that caſe I ſhall have no occaſion to thank her, if ſhe ſhould ever be viſible. But I am ſure ſhe will not be diſpleaſed. Have you not heard how charitable ſhe has been to the poor ſince ſhe came to live here? Go to her I will.'

The landlord liſtened to this addreſs of his wife with an air expreſſive of every thing but ſatisfaction. 'My dear,' replied he, 'people of quality ought not to be incommoded;' and held his wife by the arm when ſhe was preparing to ſet off.

'People of quality!' exclaimed the hoſteſs, 'is not the lady here a woman of quality as well as the lady of the caſtle? and can ſhe be as comfortable with us as with her equal? I am determined to go.'

'Stop!' cried her huſband in a furly tone. 'Hearken to reaſon, woman; ſhall we then turn away an opportunity of gain which ſo ſeldom finds its way to our door? If the lady will not enjoy with us all the conveniences ſhe could wiſh, we ſhall be put to little inconvenience in having her here. Stay at home and get the great bed ready. I will ride to town and fetch a doctor; then the horſe too will earn his oats to-day.—For the lady will not wiſh me to tire the creature for nothing.'

'The lady wants none of your ſervices; your horſe thinks more ſenſibly than you: he ſays nothing when you feed him with graſs and talk of the oats he has eaten. Do a good turn for others, and you will find them ready to do the ſame for you. So I think at leaſt.'

With theſe words the hoſteſs turned haſtily about, leaving her huſband ſtanding and ſcratching behind his ear with his left hand, while he ſhook the right with the fore finger extended

in the air. The execrations which in reality formed the text to these pantomimic notes, he muttered like incantations behind the back of his wife, of whom, though ten times as good as himself, he was not a little afraid.

The subject of the dialogue which is here recorded with historical fidelity, does not prove that it was carried on in the French language; this, however, was actually the case. It could not indeed have well been otherwise; for the scene of the altercation was an inn in the south of France, on the high road between Geneva and Lyons; a wretched hut, frequented only by poor carriers, and still poorer pedestrians, and which was by no means calculated to afford accommodations for a sick lady, who was travelling with a maid and servants, till the re-establishment of her health. Neither would the lady, whose unexpected arrival had created disharmony between the host and hostess, ever have thought of putting up at such a place, had she not been suddenly taken so ill that she was unable to proceed, according to her intention, to the next town. The question now was, what was to be done, if, as appearances indicated, she should grow still worse.

About half a league from this miserable inn reigned abundance, but in a very unusual form. An ancient castle, which the former proprietor had a few years before sold to an unknown lady, had been transformed by her, with no inconsiderable expence, into a gloomy hermitage. A high wall surrounded the castle and garden, like a convent; the wall of a convent, however, has gates for its entrance, but to this hermitage there was no other avenue than a small door, which was bolted and locked within, and was not opened for any stranger till he or she had undergone a long examination. The inquisitor was an aged porter, who kept watch in a turret upon the wall over the door. From him the message passed to a second person, stationed at the door within, and from the latter to a third, who carried it to the castle, where it was received by an old woman through a window; and from her it was conveyed to the mistress of the hermitage by her confidante.—Arrangements of such an extraordinary kind, when they became known, attracted the attention of the vigilant Marechaussée. The lady submitted without hesitation, to a visitation of her dwelling by the officers of police, and as her subsequent conduct was not calculated to excite suspicion, she received no farther molestation in her solitude. She was supposed to be a religious enthusiast; an opinion which various circumstances seemed to confirm. All that could be learned respecting the occupations of the recluse was, that she relieved all the poor and distressed in the whole country. All the letters which were sent to her, and which it was thought necessary to open at the nearest post-office, related only to subjects which the church denominates good works. The lady's answers, none of which she wrote herself, were of the same nature. All the servants of the castle were kept actively employed in forwarding this correspondence and in private missions; none of them, of either sex, could boast of ever having seen their mistress. She had no objection to converse even with strangers who could prefer a sufficient claim to this distinction, but never without a thick black veil which reached to her feet and entirely concealed her whole person.

To this lady the officious hostess posted away, to enquire whether she would accommodate the sick stranger. Another motive besides humanity—for why should she deny her sex—likewise influenced her conduct; she hoped on this unexpected occasion to obtain a sight of the hermitage, and

and perhaps be permitted to ſpeak to the recluſe, of whom ſhe had heard ſo much.

While the patient in the little chamber of the inn was ſighing rather on account of her accommodations than her illneſs, and the hoſt whoſe attendance ſhe had declined, went from vexation into the ſtable, and pulled the hay from the horſe's manger, the landlady arrived at the turret, where the old porter began his examination. Her ſtory was ſo well told, that the porter immediately forwarded the meſſage, and in a few minutes received for anſwer that ſhe might be admitted.

How overjoyed was the good little woman when the key grated in the lock, and the bolt flew back; and when ſhe entered, how ſlowly ſhe walked that ſhe might have the more time to take good notice of every object!

But on this ſide of the caſtle there was very little to be ſeen. The myſterious lady was an enthuſiaſt, if enthuſiaſm may be uſed to denote the delight which is taken in the indulgence of whims, which cheriſh the ſentiments deareſt to our hearts, but without making us either richer or wiſer. The lady was likewiſe an eccentric character, for ſhe gave herſelf not the leaſt concern about what the world, from which ſhe had ſecluded herſelf, would ſay of her caprices. She was not, however, deficient in good ſenſe; ſhe concealed from the eye of curioſity what vanity would have made a point of exhibiting; ſhe wiſhed not to excite intereſt by her conduct, and ſtill leſs by her ſenſibility. Her garden was the place where ſhe had erected a monument to her melancholy, and that was inacceſſible to all. The inquiſitive hoſteſs could therefore diſcover nothing as far as ſhe could ſee within the wall, but a beautiful green plat, and an antient building of grey ſtone. At the door of the houſe ſhe was received by the aged female, by whom ſhe was announced, and conducted into an apartment whoſe walls, hung with grey tapeſtry, exhibited nothing remarkable but an empty frame, aparently placed there inſtead of a picture, and which at leaſt afforded a ſubject of reflexion for curious ſpectators who beheld nothing which they expected to ſee.

'That muſt be ſhe;' thought the good hoſteſs in the joy of her heart, when ſhe heard ſomebody coming, and immediately turned her eyes from the empty picture frame to the door by which the old woman had gone. She beheld a female, not the lady of the caſtle, but her confidante, a modeſtly dreſſed brunette of about eighteen, not handſome, but a fine figure, with a grave look, and lively ſparkling eyes. To her the hoſteſs was obliged once more to repeat the object of her errand, which was once more communicated to the miſtreſs of the caſtle. At length the latter, a tall majeſtic figure, concealed by her black veil, made her appearance.

The reſult of the interview was, that the recluſe offerd her beſt ſervices to the ſick ſtranger, with the aſſurance that ſhe would ſee whether it was poſſible to prepare accommodations for her in the caſtle; and if ſhe found it impoſſible, ſhe would do all that lay in her power to remedy the inconveniencies of her ſituation.

The good hoſteſs was by no means ſatisfied with ſuch an indefinite anſwer, and ſtill leſs with what ſhe had ſeen. Scarcely had ſhe returned to the patient, and begun to reflect on the means of diſpenſing with the aſſiſtance of the recluſe, when the confidante appeared in a coach, which was always kept in readineſs for the miſtreſs of the caſtle at a neighbouring farm-houſe. The patient was pleaſed with this viſit which ſeemed a favourable preſage. The reſult, however, did not appear ſo propitious

pitious for her as she had expected. No sooner had the envoy cast her eyes upon the stranger, than she was thrown into an embarrassment which she communicated to the latter, and which increased with every minute. The antiquary engaged in decyphering an inscription, from which he promises himself a discovery of the utmost importance, cannot contemplate the illegible characters with more fixed attention than the confidante of the mistress of the castle gazed upon the features of the sick stranger. Being informed that she was a German, she did not wait to enquire her name, but hurried away to the coach as though she had been pursued by an enemy, or had to carry the first intelligence of the conclusion of a treaty of peace.

'It is she! it can be no other! exclaimed she on entering the apartment of the mistress of the castle.

The lady, rising from her sofa, slowly asked:—'No other than who?'

'Than the sister of the man whose picture you once shewed me;' replied the confidante hastily.

The lady heaved a deep sigh, and the glow of life tinged her cheek. 'God be thanked,' said she, while a tear started from her eye. 'God be thanked that it is no other! the man whose picture you saw has no sister.'

The confidante looked at her as earnestly as one who can scarcely believe his senses. 'Do you know for certain that he has no sister?'

'Strange girl?' said the lady, with a clouded smile, 'you would not pretend to teach me the history of the only person whom I know as perfectly as myself? Is the stranger a German?'

'So she says;' answered the confidante. 'Besides, she speaks French with a foreign accent.'

'Did you not enquire her name?'

'No.'

The lady was absorbed in thought.

'A German, and like him whose picture you have seen? My dear Leonora, you might imagine so because you have seen the picture only once, or because you have seen nothing but the picture. At the same time it is extraordinary that, with this resemblance, she should be a German. And if your eyes or your memory have not deceived you ——'

'My eyes!' exclaimed the confidante. 'Never was I so convinced of any thing in all my life as of this resemblance. And as to my memory! O that I were a painter, on every wall would I delineate the dear image—the large piercing eyes, the single wrinkle on the high forehead, the melancholy smile, the expressive outline of the whole face, and the invisible cloud which envelopes every feature.'

'Leonora!' cried the lady with enthusiastic vivacity, and pressed the hand of her confidante. 'You must be dreaming, girl; can you see invisible clouds?'

'Never mind the expression,' said Leonora gravely; 'I cannot find any other for the sentiment excited in me by the picture whenever I call it to recollection. There is a certain cloud upon the face which renders every beauty doubly beautiful. You must know what I mean.'

'Well,' rejoined the lady, 'and is this cloud to be seen in the face of the sick stranger?'

'No, it is not; and upon the whole the face of the stranger differs in many respects from the picture.—But I was so struck with certain features which as I thought were to be found only in the picture, with something of that kind which is called a family look, that I could at least swear this stranger and the man who sat for that beautiful portrait are nearly related.'

The lady was again lost in thought. —'It is not possible,' said she. 'I know his whole family, though not personally;

perſonally; he has but a father living, and has neither brother, ſiſter, nor any other relation. If he dies without iſſue, the whole patrimony will devolve to diſtant couſins, of a different name. It is nevertheleſs poſſible that you may be right. Chance ſometimes impreſſes the ſtamp of intellectual reſemblance on perſons who are not at all related. If this were the caſe in the preſent inſtance, if the lady reſembled but in one ſingle feature him whom nobody reſembles, there is nothing that I would not do for her; for the ſake of that ſingle feature I would myſelf watch beſide her bed, and perform for her all the offices of a tender nurſe. Leonora, are you certain that ſhe looks like him?'

Leonora began to be impatient. 'As ſure as I have eyes, ſhe reſembles the picture you once ſhewed me.'

The lady put her hand to her boſom, and drew out a concealed portrait, ſuſpended by a gold chain. Holding it cloſe to Leonora's eyes,—'Is it this,' ſhe aſked, 'is it this portrait that ſhe reſembles?'

'Yes, this,' replied Leonora. 'Then I am once more permitted to have a ſight of that dear beclouded face.'

'Look well at it, as it is, without the cloud, which exiſts only in your imagination! If it be like the ſtranger, go immediately, my dear girl, direct the green room to be prepared, order the coach again, and go without loſs of time and fetch the lady. But tell her not a word about the picture—or——.'

(To be continued.)

Hiſtory of Portugal. By Mr. John Adamſon.

CHAPTER IV.

The Cauſe of the Rapid Progreſs of the Portugueſe in India, and of the Decline of their Power.

TO explain that energy diſplayed by the Portugueſe, and which in former times diſtinguiſhed them from the other nations of Europe, we need not have recourſe to fable, which, during the age of its enchantments, extracted from the earth heroes endued with an extraordinary degree of ſtrength, and who ſubjected whole nations to their will and laws. The ſuperiority of the Portugueſe in warfare was founded on principle. Before they attempted the diſcovery of the new world, they had been engaged in war with the Moors in Africa, for more than a century, and haraſſed them even in their entrenchments; conſequently, when a nation has for a length of time been ſucceſsful in arms, they gain a confidence and ſuperiority in military ſkill. Accuſtomed to conquer in one part of the world, the Portugueſe had only the climate of India to oppoſe, which was ſoon overcome by their valour and proweſs.

The inſtitution of chivalry, at this time formed in Portugal—an eſtabliſhment, that has done the greateſt honour to human nature, having advanced to that ſtate of pure diſintereſted glory, which alone ought to render a man's name illuſtrious, and tranſmit it to poſterity—perhaps inſpired the Portugueſe with that ardour, which conducted them to the greateſt achievements, without any emolument but the ſatisfaction of having performed them. If chivalry could produce valour in England and Germany, where the phyſical ſtate of the country is by no means favourable to incline the heart to heroiſm, what advantage had the Portugueſe, living in a climate ſo peculiarly conducive to enthuſiaſm!

The human heart is attached to luxury and corruption, and when they prevail, valour and heroiſm will no longer be found. Thus the Portugueſe became effeminate and weak. It was impoſſible that the ſubjection of an empire, rich in treaſure, would

not

not act upon the character of the Portugueſe. They became changed as ſoon as they looked upon wealth as a virtue, and poverty as a vice. The deſire of amaſſing money depraved their hearts, while the climate of Aſia enervated their bodies. They would nevertheleſs have remained the rulers of India, had not three other induſtrious European nations wiſhed to partake of its riches with them. The Portugueſe found themſelves too weak to oppoſe them, they poſſeſſed themſelves of the commerce of Aſia, whilſt the court of Liſbon was obliged to look on, and even be acceſſary to their progreſs.

One thing which moſt conduced to weaken the power of the Portugueſe in India, was, that they could not naturalize themſelves with the natives, whoſe manners and cuſtoms were totally unconnected with, and different from their own. After an age and an half, they were ſtill ſtrangers in the land, over which they ſwayed, a circumſtance, which inclined the Indians to harraſs, and ſeek every opportunity of diſtreſſing them. In order to unite two people, born at an immenſe diſtance from each other, it is neceſſary that their manners, and, if poſſible, their mode of cultivation, ſhould be incorporated. The Tartars who conquered the empire of China, have adopted the rites and ceremonies of the Chineſe, and this union will be laſting, being cemented by the cloſeſt ties; thoſe of religion and cuſtoms. Alexander the great, who was deſirous to unite the Perſians and Greeks into one people, conformed to their rites, married the women of that nation, and wiſhed that his courtiers and followers ſhould contract ſimilar marriages; an union ſtill ſtronger than the ties of cuſtom.

After the manners of the Portugueſe became degenerate, they ſtill had it in their power to defend themſelves in India; their military ardour ſtill remained; but, as ſoon as the ſoldiery became corrupted, all was loſt; the diſeaſe was without a remedy. The army no longer fought for the common cauſe; they waged war for the general, who commanded in India, and not for their ſovereign, who reigned in Europe. An army ſent into a remote country, generally, on their arrival, become the ſoldiers of the officer, who commands it.

This relaxation of manners having extended even to Europe. The court of Liſbon now ſent out to Aſia, ſoldiers given up to all kinds of vice, and ſunk in debauchery. Perdition was unavoidable. Diſcipline, before this time, had been enforced with rigour among the ſoldiers in India, they had ſeen generals and ſoldiers puniſhed with death, who had deſerted their poſt, laid down their arms in battle, or fled before the enemy. But when recruits, debauched and void of courage, were attached to the veteran ſoldiers, the army ceaſed to exiſt.

There were, however, ſtill ſome intervals, during which the ancient military diſcipline of the Portugueſe ſeemed to revive. Ataide, on his arrival in India, found the army in a ſtate of enervation. He re-eſtabliſhed it, by inſpiring the ſoldiers with that valour, which had been nearly extinguiſhed. The ſuperior qualities of this great man were the cauſe of his ſucceſs. He was a general endowed with the virtues of his brave predeceſſors, and he made the army like the former Portugueſe; but vice was not entirely eradicated. A general, whoſe aim is glory, may, in a ſhort time, have his army under ſubjection, but when a bad habit is once formed, eſtabliſhed cuſtom will ſeize the reins and corrupt the govern.

Another cauſe, why their power was weakened, and their military ardour not re-eſtabliſhed in India, was, that Portugal was no longer

engaged in civil wars at home. An excellent school for forming national courage, taking in all classes of society. In civil wars men possessed of talents obtain a situation suitable to their deserts, whilst in foreign warfare, each one is subservient to his superiors. In civil war, every one becomes a soldier, because he has a personal interest in defending his rights. This warfare is totally different from that engaged in for the interest of a prince, where they fight for their king and not for themselves.

Without the civil wars of Rome, Marius, Sylla, Pompey, Antony, and even Cæsar himself, would have been obscure citizens, and yet their military skill and invincible courage have astonished the world.

France, weak and languishing under a succession of difficulties, did not appear formidable to Europe, until she had been engaged in civil wars.

England never thoroughly shewed herself till after the civil wars of the long parliament under the usurpation of Cromwell.

It is reported, that the Germans were a long time employed in civil broils, before they were in a situation to oppose the Turks.

The civil wars of Spain have rendered the Catalonians as courageous, as a conquered people can possibly be.

Let us add to these examples, what has so recently happened in North America, where an army of soldiers have sprung from a set of men, before employed in agriculture.

A modern author has given us the following picture of the corruption of the Portuguese in India.

'The king of Thibet,' says this writer, 'was dragged from his palace, and with his children, whom he had entrusted to the Portuguese, assassinated.

'At Ceylon, the natives were only allowed to cultivate lands for their new masters, who barbarously ill-treated them,

'Taria, sent against the Chinese corsairs, went to pillage the tombs of the emperors in the isle of Calampiu.

'Gonza destroyed all the pagodas on the coasts of Malabar, and inhumanly cut the throats of those, who wept over the ruin of their temples.

'In terminating the war with the king of Pegu, the two parties being to swear to observe the treaty on the books of their respective religions, Cortes took his oath on a collection of songs, and by this vile stratagem, thought to avoid his solemn engagement.

'Nuno d'Acunha was desirous of possessing Daman, on the coast of Cambaya; its inhabitants offered to abandon it to him, provided he would allow them to remove their riches. This was refused, and he put them all to the sword.'

Diego de Silveira, cruizing in the Red Sea, a vessel richly laden saluted him; the captain came on board Silveira's ship, and presented him with a letter from the Portuguese commandant, which had been given him as a passport. This letter contained the following words: 'I entreat the captains of vessels, belonging to the king of Portugal, to seize this Moorish ship as a lawful prize.'

'Their manners were a mixture of debauchery, avarice, cruelty, and devotion. Most of the Portuguese kept seven or eight concubines; these they made to undertake the severest work, and seized upon the money they had gained by their labour.'

It is distressing to see a nation so buried in vice, before possessing so many virtues, by which it subjected to its government more than half the universe.

(To be continued.)

London

London Fashions.

WALKING DRESS.

A PLAIN muslin walking dress, with Spanish spencer of celestial blue, or shaded lilac sarsnet, ornamented entirely round with the new Chinese trimming, and confined round the waist with a large cord, and tassels to correspond. A bonnet composed of the same materials as the spencer, with *tiera* front, and Chinese trimming. Shoes of pale blue, or lilac kid. Gloves of York tan.

A LADY and CHILD.—A high gown of French cambric, with long sleeves, shirt front, and frill of scalloped lace. A French hanging sleeve; coat with slashed skirt, and Spanish lappells, formed of figured imperial sarsnet of Chinese silk—its colour spring green, buff, or jonquille, ornamented with a floss silk trimming of agreeably contrasted shades. A Gipsy hat of straw, or figured imperial chip, worn rather forward: a little French cap appearing beneath, and the hair formed in close curls, or a waved crop behind. The hat tied simply across the crown with a narrow white ribband. A nankeen slipper, or shoe of pale green kid. Gloves of pale Limerick.

CHILD'S ATTIRE.—A frock, and short trowsers of cambric, with Turkish pomposas of jonquille kid. A wrapping coat with deep cape, formed of fine scarlet, or purple kerseymere. A beaver hat and feather of pale brown, or dove colour.

EVENING COSTUMES.—A plain round robe of white gossamer satin with a short train, round bosom, seamed back, and long sleeves. Crescent tucker of rich antique lace. A white satin *coiffe a-la Mary queen of Scots*, edged with silver worm trimming; ornamented on the top and at the point, in the centre of the forehead, with pearl drops. This unique head-dress is confined under the chin, where it is attached to a crimp lace, which is extended to each ear. The hair is ever worn with this head-dress in full dishevelled curls; and the most elegant and appropriate ornaments are diamonds and amethysts. Shoes of white satin, with silver trimming. White kid gloves; fan of carved amber; and short round opera tippet of swansdown.

A round robe of white or coloured Italian gauze, over a white sarsnet slip, ornamented round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves, with a fancy border of gold or silver, in tambour.—The waist rather longer than usual, with round gored bosom, and rucked frock sleeve. A French cloak of figured or shaded sarsnet: the colours silver grey, lilac, or peach blossom, trimmed with a fine gossamer fur, or rich Chinese floss trimming. The hair drawn smooth from the front, and twisted in a knot on each side of the head, where it is confined with a comet pin; a full bunch of curls over the left eye, and a gold *bandeau*, or diadem, to correspond with the border of the robe. Pear ear-rings of pearl, with necklace, broach, and bracelets to suit. Shoes of white figured silk, with gold rosets. Gloves of French kid, below the elbow.

Physicians and Apothecaries.

'But soon a loud and hasty summons calls
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit.'

Crabbe

MR. EDITOR,

IN a free country like this, all who suffer, are privileged to complain. I avail myself of the rights of a free-born man, and, whilst the press is open, have no doubt but every serious grievance will be ultimately redressed. The press is a very powerful engine, and capable of effecting great reformation, and had I the management of the public prints for a month, I would in that time com-

the corporation to take down the t——, which is one of the greateſt nuiſances we have.

Did you ever, when abſtracted by ſtudy, when occupied by any ſubject, excepting ſelf-preſervation, chance to walk up H—— ſtreet? If you have been ſo imprudent, and have eſcaped without injury, thank your ſtars that have watched over you, and condole with one, who has three times had his head broken by accidentally coming in contact with the impenetrable ſculls of country bumpkins, who have been gaping with aſtoniſhment at that ruinous pile of ſtones. So much for an exordium—now to buſineſs.

Let me introduce you to my chamber, where I am confined by illneſs, and entreat your aſſiſtance in behalf of a valetudinarian, who laments—not, that the ſwallowing nauſeous medicines is neceſſary to the reſtoration of health—not, that the procuring medical aſſiſtance is expenſive;—theſe are '*the calamities that fleſh is heir too*,'—but that theſe evils are aggravated by others, which ſhould not be the common lot of humanity.

Every one knows that during ſickneſs, reſt and quietneſs are as neceſſary, as medicinal drugs; then what but a deſign to continue and increaſe the maladies under which their patients labour, can induce *phyſicians*, and even *apothecaries*, to make ſuch an intolerable *noiſe* with the *knocker* at every ſick patient's door. I am juſt now afflicted with what the *doctors* call '*nervous ſenſibility*;' the nature of which diſeaſe they have very learnedly and ſcientifically explained to me; and I am quite convinced that they are right in ordering me to take every three hours, a '*compoſing draught*.' I obey their mandates moſt ſcrupulouſly, and I am ſo determined to aſſiſt them in their endeavours to reſtore my health, that I never cock my noſe, or contract a muſcle of my countenance, whilſt the diſguſting potion paſſes my palate. Yet my indiſpoſition remains, for the *doctors* ſo contrive it, that when the compoſing draughts are producing the deſired effect, at the moment, when

'Tired nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy ſleep,'

viſits my eye-lids, then am I diſturbed by a *loud*, continued *rat, tat, tat*, from ſome of my medical friends, who are anxious to know, 'how the *ſoporific* draughts have operated.'

Thus, mr. Editor, have I lingered for ſeveral months, I have often changed my phyſicians, but they all write the ſame preſcriptions, and keep up the ſame '*dreadful pother*,' and without your aſſiſtance, without the animadverſions of the preſs, I am fearful that my diſorder will never be cured. I have remonſtrated with the doctors, but they are obſtinate, are obdurate; to juſtify their conduct they '*plead immemorial uſage*,' and have roundly told me that they would ſooner ſacrifice twenty lives, than degrade a learned profeſſion, by announcing the arrival of one of its members by a *ſingle knock*.

'O! when will my motto be—'*Requieſcat in pace*.' I am afraid not until the *doctors* tranſfer me to the finiſhers in their line, the *undertakers*; they (kind ſouls) never *diſturb* their cuſtomers.

MATTHEW MELANCHOLY.

The Huſband and his Two Wives.

WHEN a holy zeal to drive the infidels from Paleſtine, had ſeized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the croſs, repaired in crowds to the eaſt, Gleichen, a German count, alſo left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to Aſia. Without deſcribing his great and heroic atchievements, ſuffice it to ſay, that the braveſt knights of Chriſtendom admired

admired his proweſs; but it pleaſed heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichin was made priſoner by the infidels, and became the ſlave to a Mahamedan of diſtinction, who entruſted his gardens to Giechin's care.

The unfortunate count was now employed in watering violets and blue bells, lilies and roſes. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his ſighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his maſter's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tendereſt affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did ſhe liſten to his melancholy ſongs—often did ſhe ſee him weep whilſt praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewiſe ſuffuſed in tears. Modeſty, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her paſſion, or from intimating in any manner to the ſlave, how deeply ſhe ſympathized in his ſorrows. At length the ſpark kindled into a flame, ſhame was ſilenced, and love could no longer be concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth into the ſoul of the aſtoniſhed count.—Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be enabled to obtain his liberty—all this made ſuch a powerful impreſſion on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He ſwore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that ſhe would agree to leave her father and native land, and fly with him to Europe. Ah! ſhe had already forgotten her father and her country. The count was her all. She haſtened away, brought a key, opened a private door leading to the fields, and fled with her beloved.—The ſilence of night, which covered them with her ſable mantle, favoured their flight. They arrived ſafely in the country of the count. His vaſſals joyfully greeted their lord and father, whom they had given up for loſt, and with looks of curioſity beheld his companion, whoſe face was concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the caſtle, the counteſs ruſhed into his embrace. 'My dear wife,' ſaid he, 'for the pleaſure of ſeeing me again, you have to thank her' pointing to his deliverer; 'ſhe has, for my ſake, left her father and her native land. The count covered his ſtreaming eyes with his hands.—The beauteous Saracen dropped her veil; and, throwing herſelf at the feet of the counteſs, exclaimed, 'I am thy vaſſal!' 'Thou art my ſiſter,' replied the counteſs, raiſing and embracing her. 'My huſband ſhall be thine alſo; we will ſhare his heart.' The count, aſtoniſhed at the magnanimity of his wife, preſſed her to his heart; all three were united in one embrace, and they vowed to love each other till death. Heaven bleſſed this three-fold union, and the pope himſelf confirmed it. The count's habitation was the abode of peace and happineſs, and he, with his two faithful wives, were after their death laid in one grave in the church of the Benedictine convent at Erfurth. It is covered with a large ſtone, on which the chiſel of ſenſibility has repreſented them. Their tomb is ſtill ſhewn by the monks, to the inquiſitive traveller.

The Ducheſs of Weimar.

'*AMONG* the few diſtinguiſhed perſons who have retained the elevation of the ancient German character, is Louiſa, reigning ducheſs of Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the Landgrave of Heſſe-Darmſtadt. Her conſort, as is well known, was one of the generals of the king of Pruſſia, in the ever-memorable campaign of 1806. When the allied armies collected themſelves in the little territory of the duke, where it was reſolved to wait the arrival of the French, when it was determined to hazard the

the battle, which was to decide the fate of all Germany, in the vicinity of Weimar, the ducheſs reſolved to abide in her reſidence. The venerable ducheſs dowager, the ſiſter of the duke of Brunſwick, and the hereditary prince of Weimar, with his conſort, the ſiſter of the emperor Alexander, retreated precipitately to Brunſwick; but the ducheſs, even after the fatal iſſue of the battle of Jena was foreſeen, retired within the walls of her palace, and waited the event with calmneſs and reſignation. She had aſſembled round her the ladies of her court, and generouſly offered an aſylum to the Engliſh, whoſe ſituation was then ſo perilous. Her amiable friend, miſs Gore, with her aged parent, (ſince deceaſed,) and mr. Oſborne, a gentleman who formerly filled a diplomatic character in ſeveral of the continental courts, were among the ſelect party whom the ducheſs collected together in a wing of the caſtle, while the ſtate apartments were opened for the reception of the unwelcome and terrific gueſt. During the awful 14th of October, the ducheſs and her friends were immured in their receſs, and had no nouriſhment but a few cakes of chocolate found by accident. When the fortunes of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning) the Pruſſians retreating through the town, were purſued by the French, and ſlaughtered in the ſtreets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening the conqueror approached and entered the palace of the duke, which now became his own, by the *right* of conqueſt. It was then that the ducheſs left her apartment, and ſeizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herſelf on the top of the ſtaircaſe, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon ſtarted when he beheld her: '*Qui etes vous,*' (Who are you?) he exclaimed with his characteriſtic abruptneſs. '*Je ſuis la ducheſſe de Weimar,* (I am the ducheſs of Weimar).' '*Je vous plains,*' he retorted fiercely, '*j'ecraſerai votre mari* (I pity you, I ſhall cruſh your huſband).' He then added, 'I ſhall dine in my apartment,' and then ruſhed by her.

She ſent her chamberlain early on the following morning to enquire concerning the health of his majeſty the emperor, and to ſolicit an audience. The morning dreams of Napoleon had poſſibly ſoothed his mind to gentleneſs, or he recollected that he was monarch as well as general, and could not refuſe what the emperor owed to the ducheſs: he accordingly returned a gracious anſwer, and invited himſelf to breakfaſt with her in her apartment.

On his entrance, he began inſtantly with an interrogative. 'How could your huſband, madame, be ſo mad as to make war againſt me?' 'Your majeſty would have deſpiſed him if he had not,' was the dignified anſwer he received. 'How ſo?' he haſtily replied. The ducheſs ſlowly and deliberately rejoined, 'My huſband has been in the ſervice of the king of Pruſſia upwards of thirty years, and ſurely it was not at the moment that the king had ſo mighty an enemy as your majeſty to contend with that the duke could abandon him.' A reply ſo admirable, which aſſerted ſo powerfully the honour of the ſpeaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adverſary, was irreſiſtible. Bonaparte at once became more mild, and exclaimed, 'Madam, you are the moſt eſtimable woman I ever knew—you have ſaved your huſband!' Yet he could not confer favor unaccompanied with inſult; for reiterating his aſſurances of eſteem, he added, '*Je le pardonne, mais c'eſt a cauſe de vous ſeulement; car, pour lui, c'eſt un mauvais ſujet*' The ducheſs to this made no reply: but ſeizing the happy moment, interceded

ceeded ſucceſsfully for her ſuffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering ſhould ceaſe; and afterwards ordered that mr. Oſborne, who had in the mean while been arreſted, ſhould be releaſed.

When the treaty, which ſecured the nominal independence of Weimar, was preſented by a French general, to the duke, he refuſed to take it into his own hands, ſaying with more than gallantry, 'Give it to my wife; the emperor intended it for her.'

On the Means of National Defence.

MR. EDITOR,

IN times like theſe, when our political exiſtence is threatened by an ambitious and implacable enemy, it behoves every good and loyal citizen to uſe the utmoſt of his endeavours towards the ſafety of the general weal. All extenſive plans of public benefit have been the reſult of many minds employed upon an individual topic; and it may fall to the lot of a very obſcure individual to excogitate ſomething which happier minds may ripen into maturity. At all events no man ſhould be deterred, in times of common peril, from coming forward in any way he thinks beſt for common advantage: and acting from this principle, I venture to propoſe to you the following ſcheme towards aiding the national defence.

Authors are a very lazy ſet of beings, though they imagine that they perform extraordinary feats when they fill a few quires of paper in a few months. However, without inquiring into the validity of their title to induſtrious citizens, I am afraid they are not loyal or patriotic ones. But I have often thought that they might be rendered ſuch; and as we have now ſeveral *profeſſional* corps, why might not the authors of theſe countries be formed into others?

There is a general prejudice againſt volunteer corps in ſome minds, and I do not here intend to combat thoſe prejudices: neither do I pretend to offer a digeſted plan for carrying my ideas into execution; but in order to alleviate the drudgery of drilling, marching, counter-marching, field-days, &c. &c. I think it would be very well to render the thing as analogous to the purſuits of the individuals as poſſible. For example, the words of command might be put into ingenious poetical couplets, which would not only have the effect of rendering them eaſy of remembrance, but have a certain power over the minds of the literary ſoldiers, far exceeding any national air whatever. For this purpoſe it would be neceſſary to have poetical commanders, who would ſometimes be able to exhilirate their men by a ſudden and unexpected uſe of extemporaneous poetry. I propoſe, therefore, that mr. H—— be colonel; mr. G—, lieutenant colonel; and meſſrs. C——, ſir J. B. B——, C——, W——, S——, &c. &c. have the rank of majors, captains, and lieutenants, in preference. In addition to this, and for the purpoſe of giving active employment to other individuals of the corps, the regimental orders might be logically drawn up, by chapter, ſection, and paragraph, in which department meſſrs. G—— and C—— would be found eminently ſerviceable. The drummers and fifers might be collected from editors of magazines, reviews, &c. and the leader of the band might be a writer of operas. The ſerjeants ſhould conſiſt of novel writers, and the preference be given to meſſrs. H——, S——, and G—— in caſe the latter gentleman ſhould decline the former office aſſigned him; and the privates would of course conſiſt of hungry authors of all denominations from the writers of epics and the tranſlators of novels, down to your humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY USEFUL.

On Spring.

'Come gentle Spring, etherial mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower.
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.'
THOMSON.

STERN winter has at length forſaken the earth to give place to a more enlivening ſeaſon, and fierce Boreas, with his bluſtering train, retires on the approach of gentle Zephyrus. The ſun, welcome viſitant, ſo long obſcured by clouds and ſtorms, no longer dart a feeble ray, but warms and animates the whole creation: every heart is gladdened, and every countenance brightened. The earth, teeming with vegetation, puts on its faireſt forms—all nature looks gay, and the promiſes of the ſpring, yet in bloſſoms, afford more delight, and are more cheering to the eye than the fruits of autumn. Now the feathered choir warble forth their muſical notes; the lark preſents the riſing morn with its ſong of praiſe; and all the brute creation invite man to raiſe his heart to nature's God:

'Tis now that

'From the moiſt meadows to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye,
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves,
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales.'
THOMSON.

Now the man of contemplation, whoſe delight it is to muſe and meditate on the world of nature, ſallies forth, and as Thomſon has beautifully expreſſed it,

——— 'Superior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude.'

The woods now ring with the cry of the wood-pecker, and the thruſh and blackbird pour forth their mellow notes. How grand, yet ſimple, the concert, when with theſe is heard the trickling brook, the noiſe of the water-mill, or ſtill louder roar of the foaming cataract! Banks of bluſhing violents now perfume the air with their fragrant ſcent; and all the fruit-trees appear clothed in their gay livery, and form one continued range of bloſſoms; but theſe will paſs quickly away, and ſpring with its many charms will ſoon give place to a more fruitful if not ſo pleaſant a ſeaſon.

NEOS.

Extraordinary View of a Thunder-Storm, when ſitting far above it. With a Deſcription of the Fort where it happened, its Effects on the Author, and his Obſervations. (From Harriot's Struggles through Life.)

THE ſingular appearance of a thunder-ſtorm, which I witneſſed at Condepillee, deſerves a better deſcription than I am capable of giving. To enable the reader to form a clearer conception, it may be proper to give him ſome idea of the fort and ſituation.

The whole comprehends three forts, one within the other. The pettah, or village, is to the eaſtward, on the outſide the fort, at the foot of the hills, and opening on the plains of Golconda. The wall of the outer fort, as it is called, is ſome miles in extent, encompaſſing ſeveral hills; the wall itſelf is built not ſo much unlike ſome of the ſtone fences to be ſeen in various parts of England; nor is ſtronger. The middle fort is ſo high up the hills as to make the greater part of it inacceſſible, by perpendicular rocks. The paſſage up from the lower fort is formed by regularly cut ſtone ſteps, ſeveral feet wide, and winding in its aſcent up the valley. I have run up it in twenty minutes, but it required three quarters of an hour to walk it leiſurely.

Little

Little or nothing had been done when I was there to ſtrengthen it, though very capable of improvement. The inner fort was an exceeding high pinnacle of a rock, completely inacceſſible every way except by a narrow path, up ſtone ſteps, ſo high from one to the other, and inſecure withal, as to require both hands and feet to climb up in ſafety. A large ſtone tank, or reſervoir, hollowed out of the ſolid rock, was always full of water, and muſt have been ſupplied by the clouds, which often encompaſſed and crowned its head. Not being commanded by any other height, a few men could defend it againſt any force, ſo long as they had proviſion.

In hot weather we frequently aſcended to the middle fort, on account of the pleaſant temperature of the air; the difference being ſuch that while people below would be gaſping for breath from the heat, we could with pleaſant eaſe move about, or even play at trap-ball in this higher fort.

I had one afternoon climbed up to the higher fort, to enjoy the extenſive proſpect, and breathe a cooler air, when the clouds began to gather along the eaſtern ſide of the mountain, about midway between me and the plain, or lower fort where we reſided. It was not long before the lightning and thunder produced a tremendous, but moſt awfully grand effect from the clouds below me. The lower fort, the pettah, and the plains, were deluged with rain, while I ſat on high with a ſerene, beautiful, clear ſky over my head, calmly looking down, delighted with the playful appearance of the lightning as it darted its beautiful zig zags from the clouds at my feet, while the loud peals of thunder reverberated along the different vallies between the mountains.

I have ſeen many grand ſights, but never any thing comparable to the ſuperlatively glorious view that was then preſented. I fancied myſelf like Jupiter on Mount Olympus, when hurling his thunder-bolts, &c. Nay, more, my heart bounded in ecſtaſy and grateful adoration to the Deity, who thus afforded me a kind of foretaſte of ſupreme pleaſure and happineſs, ariſing from inward ſenſation more than from the grand outward ſpectacle I had been witneſs to, and which, prior to that moment, I could form no idea of enjoying. I felt as if etherial rather than mortal; and it was not till long after the ſtorm below had been diſperſed, and the ſhades of evening were approaching, that I could perſuade myſelf to leave the ſpot where I had experienced ſuch exquiſite mental felicity.

Poſſibly there are many who may ſmile at my declaring that often ſince, when I have been in critical ſituations, whether I ſhould live or die, the recollection of this glimmering view of what a refined mind is capable of enjoying has tended more to diveſt me of fear, and encouraged the hope of exchanging this life for a better, than any other circumſtance, thing, or knowledge I have otherwiſe obtained.

Biographical Sketch of the Marquis of Donnegal. (With a Portrait)

TO delineate character, and to deduce important events from the private life of the ſtateſman, or the hero, is no leſs the buſineſs of the *hiſtorian*, than it is to chronicle the downfall of empires, and the fate of nations, and he has this advantage, that thoſe of whom he writes are no longer the objects of private ſcandal, or of political cenſure; not ſo the periodical journaliſt—he muſt, indeed, attend to the delineation of character, and to the detail of events; but then he muſt alſo catch the living men, and living manners as they riſe, and muſt often conſider, not what ought to be written, but what will be read.

The hiſtorian of thoſe, whoſe vices and whoſe foibles are ſleeping with them in the ſilent grave, has only one rule, and an eaſy one to attend to,

'De mortius, nil niſi bonum'

but the ephemeral biographer, if he would gain attention, muſt often reverſe the rule into

'De viventibus nil niſi malum!'—

Far be it from us, however, to inſinuate that the dilaceration of private character, for the gratification of individual malice, is neceſſary to draw attention to the *beau monde*; for we are conſcious, that though we might, for a moment amuſe, we ſhould eventually diſguſt thoſe partial friends, who honour us with their patronage; yet ſtill, though we are unwilling to lay the axe at the root of the tree, we will venture ſometimes to uſe the pruning-knife.—To drop the metaphor, it is our intention, in the proſecution of our work, to cure the vices of the world (if poſſible) by laughing it out of its foibles.

The ſubject of our preſent biography has been long ſo well known in the world of faſhion, and in the *ſporting world*, that we feel we need no apology in preſenting him to the notice of our readers, accompanied by a very elegant engraving, done excluſively for this work, from an original painting, eſteemed a ſtriking likeneſs.

Before we attempt to ſketch the career of this nobleman, who is yet in the prime of life, a ſlight retroſpect of his family may not be unacceptable; nor can it, indeed, be deemed irrelevant, for though, to boaſt merely a long line of anceſtry, is nothing in the eye of the *philoſopher*, yet with the *world* in general, even this has its weight.

We will confeſs, indeed, that a man being able merely to enumerate his anceſtors gives him no more intrinſic merit, than the auctioneer poſſeſſes, who runs over his catalogue, lot one to an hundred; but yet, if men of anceſtry, in the preſent generation, can, along with the *names* of their fore-fathers, recount their virtues and good deeds, their valour and humanity in the field, their noble daring in ſcenes of danger, whether in foreign warfare, or domeſtic commotion; their inflexible integrity in public, and their honeſt juſtice in private life—then, indeed, have they a ſtimulus to the ſame general philanthropy, to the ſame virtuous conduct; this is one ſide of the picture—but we will not reverſe it.

The family of Chicheſter is firſt mentioned in our hiſtories, about the year 1100, when they were of good account in the vicinity of Torbay; and ſir William Pole, in his ſurvey of Devon, ſtates preciſely, that it was one of the moſt eminent in the county for its antiquity and the extent of its poſſeſſions. He alſo farther informs us, that it flouriſhed for many generations at South Poole in the neighbourhood of Kingſbridge, where was the oldeſt family mantion, and that the heads of the family had been diſtinguiſhed by their public employments, as well as by their alliances into ſome of the moſt opulent families. The name originally was Cirenceſter, and continued ſo through a long train of knights, until the reign of Edward the third when it acquired its preſent pronunciation.

In the reign of Henry the eighth, Edward Chicheſter, eſq. had five ſons, the eldeſt of whom was anceſtor of the Chicheſters, baronets of this kingdom; the other four were all engaged in the wars in Ireland, and Edward the third ſon, was anceſtor of the preſent marquis.

His ſervices ſoon raiſed him to the peerage, in the reign of James, by whom, as well as by Elizabeth, he was rewarded with large grants of land, in the counties of Antrim and

Donnegal.

Donnegal. In ſucceeding reigns additional honours were granted, until it required its preſent rank; and the idea that it came unſolicited is impreſſed upon us by the family motto—

'Invitum ſequitur Honos.'

The late earl (and firſt marquis) married lady Anne Hamilton, eldeſt daughter of the duke of Hamilton, and the ſubject of our preſent memoir was born in the year 1769.—With family connections of the firſt rank, and with the early promiſe of youth, the friends of the young viſcount Chicheſter looked forward to his future excellence; but, we are ſorry to obſerve that, their early hopes were, for a time, clouded by youthful habits of gaiety, and an eaſy indolence, which made him too much the prey of thoſe who ſurrounded him. The heir apparent to a large fortune (and his was very great) is always marked out by the deſigning gameſter, the profligate and borrowing *friend*, and the rapacious uſurer. Againſt the wiles of the firſt our laws have, though in vain, attempted to ſet a guard againſt the plauſibility and perſeverance of the ſecond, neither laws, nor the ſtricteſt prudence, can always avail; but againſt the third, we ſhall never have a remedy, until the whole law of reverſion, and *poſt obits*, can be ſet aſide, or at leaſt, new-modelled.

A fondneſs for the turf ſoon led our young heir expectant into a *certain ſet*, whoſe intereſt it was to give him a reliſh for its uſual concomitants; and the ſacrifices to Bacchus being always followed up by the rattling of the dice-box, we need not be ſurprized that our peer, in embrio, was ſoon introduced to thoſe accomodating gentlemen, who are ſo ready to make up the deficiencies of a careful father.

In the year 1791, the earl was elevated to the dignity of marquis of Donnegal, and the ſubject of our memoir, then earl of Belfaſt, having attained the age of majority, became poſſeſſed of the delightful privilege of granting bonds and poſt obits. His innate goodneſs of heart, though warped for the moment, by faſhionable folly, did not allow him to ſee the danger ariſing from his too credulous dependence on thoſe who called themſelves his friends; and his father being unwilling to gratify their rapacity, by anſwering their enormous demands, we need not be ſurprized, at ſoon finding him a reſident in a neighbourhood, which, though not the moſt faſhionable, is in general filled with the moſt faſhionable company.

Even here a young man might learn wiſdom, but we fear his ſtudies on that ſubject were ſtill too much interrupted by thoſe who looked forward with a greedy eye to his ſpeedy poſſeſſion of the family eſtates.

Here, if he did not learn wiſdom, he learnt another leſſon—the leſſon of love: a leſſon, the good effects of which he is now enjoying in the boſom of domeſtic peace, and family endearments. The object of his attachment, the preſent amiable counteſs, was herſelf at the time the child of misfortune attending on a parent, whoſe misfortunes and ſimilarity of fate had led to an acquaintance between the parties. Virtue is at all times engaging; but when, in ſorrow and diſtreſs, watching the ſick bed of a beloved parent, and adorned with all the graces of youth, and the poliſh of education, it becomes irreſiſtible; no wonder then that the young and ſuſceptible earl ſought a ſolace during his compulſory reſidence, in the arms of virtuous beauty.

On the 8th of Auguſt, 1795, the earl of Belfaſt was married to miſs May, daughter of William May, eſq. and granddaughter of ſir James May, bart. of Mayfield, county of Waterford.

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ductive of much felicity, had not his lordſhip been now much haraſſed by law-ſuits, in which, though he did not exactly appear as plaintiff or defendant, yet ſtill he was dragged in as a party and his name branded about with a degree of profeſſional virulence which may be thought ſometimes to have gone beyond his demerits.—Demerits ariſing from youthful folly, worked upon by the deſigning, and not from radical vice, or intentional wrong.—We would not be advocates for extravagance, nor would we gloſs over that ſpecies of thoughtleſs folly which often robs the honeſt and unſuſpecting tradeſman, under the appearance of daſh and faſhion; but we muſt ſtill deprecate the arts of thoſe, who in hopes of cent. per cent. will ſupply fuel to the flame of a youthful taſte for expence; and who, by laying on the heavy hand of the law, may ſometimes prevent the votaries of faſhion from doing that ſtrict juſtice they would with to do when it is in their power.

Some of thoſe *obliging* gentlemen, however, we believe, were diſappointed in their *judgments*, and their *bonds* ſet aſide; but it is not our intention, nor would it be intereſting to detail the various circumſtances which filled up the law reports of that period. Indeed, in having thus far expatiated on the folly of a young man, and that, a ſpecies of folly by no means uncommon, we did not with to hold him up as an object of deriſion to the world, nor can it be ſuppoſed that there is much pleaſure in doing ſtrict biographical juſtice on ſuch a ſubject.

A life ſpent in this manner would be productive of but few events for the biographer, and it is therefore with pleaſure that we proceed to an era in his life, when he was enabled to emerge from obſcurity, and ſhew himſelf to the world, in a character more worthy of his high rank, and of the high opinion formed of him in early life;—this is not the language of common place panegyric, but it is the reſult of information from ſources of undeniable authority.

On the 5th of January, 1799, the earl of Belfaſt ſucceeded to the marquiſate of Donnegal, by the deceaſe of his father, and he was then enabled to begin a plan of reform, which, it is hoped, will ſoon put it in his power to become as uſeful a member of ſociety, as he is now become an amiable one. In the proſecution of this rational ſcheme, he has been much aſſiſted by the exertions and judgement of his father-in-law, although the ſelfiſh views, or rather, perhaps, the want of unanimity in the creditors on the eſtates, have operated as a powerful drawback.

The Donnegal eſtates in Ireland are very extenſive, the one in the county of Antrim alone being twenty miles in length, and ten in breadth, a ſpace much larger than many of the *late* German principalities. On this eſtate is ſituated the populous and public ſpirited town of Belfaſt, as well calculated for trade, and general improvement from its local advantages, as from the enterprizing ſpirit of its merchants.

A century ago, this place was merely a village in a moraſs, but under the foſtering care of the Chicheſter family, it has become a town of the firſt commercial conſequence in the kingdom. and in extent and foreign trade, ſurpaſſed only by Dublin and Cork.

Many of its great and moſt important improvements have taken place within theſe few years, during which the marquis with his family have been principally reſident there, and in which, indeed in many inſtances, he has been a powerful patron.

He has adopted a ſyſtem of domeſtic arrangement, in unifon with the plans neceſſary for the diſembarraſſment of his great eſtates, and alike

conducive to his own happineſs and to the comfort of his numerous tenantry, uniting an hoſpitable politeneſs to the ſuperior ranks, with every attention of kindneſs and aſſiſtance to the lower claſſes of ſociety particularly thoſe whoſe immediate wants require the foſtering hand of charity.

In the furtherance of theſe pleaſing objects, the counteſs herſelf is an active aſſiſtant, in ſome inſtances prompting, and in all inſtances animating her lovely fellow labourers, in the divine cauſe of charity, by her example, and open purſe.

Under her auſpices there are ſome inſtitutions worthy of imitation in larger towns, particularly one, by which at an expence comparatively trifling, a number of poor women are attended, during parturition, at their own homes, are ſupplied not only with medicines, but the neceſſary food, and in all caſes where neceſſary, with clothing, not only for the mother, but the infant.

The charitable and literary inſtitutions of every kind, have alſo met a warm patron in the marquis; and there is one now in embrio, to which he has generouſly given a grant of ground for its erection, and other neceſſary purpoſes—an inſtitution which bids fair to open a new era in the literary courſe of education in Ireland, and will do more practical good in the courſe of twenty-years, for the general intereſts of Ireland, than all the *debates* which might be ſpun out about its amelioration in the ſame ſpace of time; we allude to the college which is founding on rational, extenſive, and liberal principles, in the town of Belfaſt, and which, it is to be hoped, will render it unneceſſary for the gentlemen of the north to ſeek for education in other countries, except in the caſes of divinity and medicine. In the former of theſe ſtudies, Edinburgh will naturally, for ſome time at leaſt, be reſorted to by the candidates for the preſbyterian miniſtry; in the latter, its known excellence muſt always give it a preference.

In theſe laudable purſuits, have ſome of the late years of our biographical ſubject been ſpent, and we are happy to repreſent him, as he is now univerſally conſidered on his eſtates, as a kind and worthy landlord, a benevolent well-meaning member of ſociety, and alike worthy of imitation in the conjugal and paternal relations. By his amiable counteſs he has now three children, George Hamilton Chicheſter earl of Belfaſt, born in February 1797—Edward, born June, 1799, and another ſon, born in 1805.

In politics, his lordſhip has never taken any decided part, but he has always patronized thoſe meaſures on his eſtates which tended to public happineſs and general loyalty, without, at the ſame time, being the ſlave of any ſet of men. His titles and dates of creation, are as follow—Baron and viſcount Chicheſter, 1625, earl of Donnegal, 1647, baron Fitherwick of the kingdom of Great Britain, 1790, and marquis of Donnegal, in the year 1791.

New Pamphlets.

The Monſtroſities of Methodiſm, being an impartial examination into the pretenſions of our modern ſectaries, to prophetic inſpiration, providential interferences, and ſpiritual impulſe. With a preliminary notice of dr. Walker's new ſect, and the diſputing ſociety in Stafford-ſtreet. By a curate of the church of England.—Charles printer, No. 49, Mary-ſtreet.—Price, 1s. 8d.

THIS pamphlet is a moſt pointed attack on dr. Walker, who ſome little time ſince, reſigned his fellowſhip in our college, and who is now founding a new ſect—But the author does not ſtop here; the whole body of methodiſts, calviniſtic and arminian,

an, come in for their ſhare of a moſt unmerciful literary flaggellation.—It is dedicated *conjointly* to dr. Agar and dr. Troy, the two biſhops (proteſtant and catholic) of Dublin.

On our mechanics and tradeſmen imagining themſelves *divinely inſpired*, the author has the following pointed remark.—'A cobler—a tailor—an aſs-ſkin pocket-book maker, taking upon themſelves the prieſtly office, are objects which inſpire nothing but contempt—ridicule is their moſt appropriate punithment. But, it is with other emotions, that we behold the fellow of a college laying down his academical honours—beggaring his family—diſgracing all his former connections, by aſſociating with the refuſe of ſectarian abſurdity, and in the face of day, reviling that very religion, to the exerciſe of which he *ſwore himſelf divinely called*, when he received her ordination. The beſt remedy, perhaps, laid in the hands of the doctor's relations when he broached his mad ſcheme of reſigning his fellowſhip, &c.—viz. a ſtrait jacket—a ſhaven head—ſome clean ſtraw—and a dark room in Swift's-hoſpital. This opportunity is unfortunately loſt, or it might, perhaps, have reſtored a worthy and uſeful man to ſociety and his ſenſes. All that remain, (for never let us think of dignifying their nonſenſe, by perſecution,) are refutation and ridicule.'

This author has powerfully availed himſelf of the writers on enthuſiaſm that have preceded him (particularly dr. Ryan and the authors of the Edinburgh Review)—his account of ſome German fanatics (for which he is indebted to the former) with his applications to dr. Walker's principles, are highly intereſting.

'Stork, Stubner, and Munzer, who had adopted the tenets of Luther, ſoon deſerted his communion, on pretence that it was imperfect, and were eaſily prevailed on to head the peaſants in redreſſing their grievances, and in reforming religion, The German anabaptiſts at firſt appeared an innocent ſect, and derived their name from rejecting infant baptiſm, and re-baptizing all who entered into their communion. They exhorted their followers to deſpiſe riches, honours, dreſs, or furniture of houſes; recommended a community of goods; prohibited them to go to law, to ſwear, to bear any office of magiſtracy, or to have any property. They enjoined frequent faſts and pious meditations, and ſeemed to have been a devout ſect, which rather deſerved pity for their errors than cenſure for their miſdemeanors. But when they gathered ſtrength, they pretended that the divine ſpirit required them to diſcard magiſtrates, and to reſtore liberty to the oppreſſed, and poſſeſſions to the neceſſitous. They maintained that none but CHRIST ſhould rule over them; that as Iſrael rooted out idolators, ſo thoſe new Iſraelites ſhould extirpate the wicked; that all men's goods ſhould be common, all men free and independent; that tithes, taxes, and uſury, ſhould be aboliſhed; that GOD would no longer permit the injuſtice of princes, but depoſe them, and ſubſtitute in their places men of religion and integrity. Declamations on liberty and community of goods were ſo flattering to the populace, that multitudes joined the preachers of ſuch doctrines. In the year 1525, Munzer incited the peaſants to wage war againſt all tyrants who refuſed to reform religion, and reſtore liberty to their ſubjects. Inſtigated by ſuch exhortations, they roſe in ſeveral places, and, led on by this fanatic, plundered the country, depoſed magiſtrates, robbed and burned monaſteries, and ſlew prieſts, monks, and nobles, in a barbarous manner. Their number was encreaſed by the hope of booty, and by the infectious ſpirit of the fanatics, which was readily communicated from one perſon to another. Luther, Melancthon,

Melancthon. and Zuinglius, wrote againſt thoſe fanatics, and pointed out the neceſſity of immediately reſiſting them. Troops which were ſent againſt thoſe enthuſiaſts defeated them; and Munzer was put to death as the cauſe of thoſe diſorders. However, theſe turbulent doctrines and practices were not ſuppreſſed by the death of this incendiary; having been maintained by John of Leyden, a taylor, who came from Munſter in 1533, at the head of a fanatical mob, and pretended a divine commiſſion to demoliſh churches and new model governments. John affected to be dumb, and wrote on a table the names of twelve, who ſhould be as it were elders of Iſrael, and adminiſter all things as in a New Jeruſalem. John, having ſubverted the magiſtracy and appointed a new ſenate in that city, was made king, and furniſhed with a crown, a throne, and other enſigns of royalty. Churches and monaſteries were burned, and ſtripped of gold, ſilver, and valuable utenſils; all who condemned his tenets were deprived of their poſſeſſions, and all books were conſumed except the Bible. Some of thoſe fanatics ran about the ſtreets of Munſter crying out, 'Repent and be rebaptized, or the wrath of God will overwhelm you.' They who ſubmitted to ſecond baptiſm bawled out in the ſame manner, and threatened to kill all who did not ſuffer themſelves to be rebaptized. The wrath of God thus dreadfully denounced, induced ſeveral ignorant and well meaning perſons to conſent to rebaptiſm; ſome joined them for the ſecurity of their fortunes; while multitudes fled from the city, and left them in poſſeſſion. John, having diſpatched twenty eight apoſtles to different places to preach anabaptiſm, a community of goods, and other doctrines of this ſect; they were all ſeized on and executed, with their king, except one who eſcaped.

'Many of the German enthuſiaſts fled from Munſter to Switzerland and the low countries, where Shucker, Hermes, Sartor, and others occaſioned violent tumults. Hermes, a drunken cobler, pretended to be the Meſſiah, nay, GOD the Father;* and enjoined his diſciples to cut the throats of monks and magiſtrates. The followers of this fanatic wretch ran about, crying aloud 'Repent, repent, mortify the fleſh, the fleſh is the devil, if you do not repent, nor ſuffer yourſelf to be rebaptized, woe be to you, ye are undone.' In the year 1535, Theodore Sartor burned his clothes and perſuaded his diſciples to do ſo; alledging, that naked truth was moſt amiable, and that he hated the deformity of human diſguiſe. He and his followers ran through the ſtreets of Amſterdam in the night, exclaiming in raptures, 'Woe to Babylon, woe to Babylon!' About three thouſand of thoſe enthuſiaſts, having diſpoſſeſſed the monks of a monaſtery in Friſeland, having broken images, and committed many outrages; ſome of them were executed, and others pardoned for their ignorance and ſimplicity.'

'Such were the fanatics of old: their ſucceſſors, if ſomewhat leſs ridiculous, are infinitely more dangerous. It is true, we no longer hear them addreſs the Almighty in the quaint and impious phraſeology which Brown has handed down to us: 'Water us *young ſhrubs* with the dews of thy mercy!—and grant that we may grow up into *tall oaks*, and at length be ſawed out into *deal boards to wainſcot thy New Jeruſalem!!!*' ——But, let any one attend the preachments in Plunket-ſtreet, and

NOTE.

* It is not long ſince, in England, that a fanatical wretch, one of theſe *goſpel illuminati*, had the blaſphemy to proclaim himſelf GOD ALMIGHTY'S NEPHEW. He ſuppoſed, that as moſt of the other *relationſhips* to the Supreme were already occupied, that 'nephew' was the only one that remained to him.

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the orations in Stafford-ſtreet, and they will ſoon be convinced, that dr. Walker's new ſect, and the 'inſpired ones' in the region of rags,* are by no means deficient in abſurdity, blaſphemy and danger to the body politic. It is ſcarcely poſſible to calculate on all the miſchiefs which theſe people may produce among the inconſiderate poor of the Iriſh population. The doctrines that are taught in the Stafford-ſtreet diſputing club, are unconditional reprobation, final perſeverance, and the whole ſyſtem of immorality firſt broached by Auſtin, and afterwards revived by Calvin.—It is true, little miſchief could ariſe from dr. Walker and his groaning ſuperannuated dowagers fancying themſelves the *elect of God*, did the evil terminate with themſelves:—it is perhaps almoſt impoſſible to make theſe pious old tabbies more rancorous, unfeeling and cenſorious—or their high-prieſt more dull and uſeleſs; but the evil ariſes from the apprentice, the ſervant, the ploughman, the porter imbibing ſuch doctrines; and to theſe unfortunates, their efforts are directed with an unremitting, a ſectarian induſtry. Indeed, it is happy for the religious world, that, whatever may be the learning of dr. Walker, his genius is very confined—his natural talents very ſlender. He may vainly think by eſtabliſhing a new ſect, to wear the ſlipper of Weſley or Whitfield; but his ambition (unleſs aided by auxilliary ability) muſt ſuſtain a mortifying diſappointment. They were men of great endowment. Had he not received an excellent education, his *native ingenuity* would ſcarcely have enabled him to aſpire to the mechaniſm of a mouſe trap, or the knitting of a cabbage-net.'

If dr. Walker and the methodiſts are wiſe, they will not attempt anſwering this pamphlet. If they do, they will only extend its ſale. The more they ſtir, the more they will make it popular.—They ſhould follow the advice which mr Jones gave the players relative to the Familiar Epiſtles, viz.—'To paſs it over in ſilence—and get rid of it as *quietly* as poſſible.'

NOTE.

* Plunket ſtreet,—the rag-fair of Ireland.

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Thurſday, March 31, was preſented at this theatre, a new play, entitled '*The World*,' from the pen of mr. Kenney; an author well known, and deſervedly praiſed for '*Raiſing the Wind*.'

CHARACTERS.

Cheviot, mr. Elliſton; Echo, mr. Banniſter; Withers, mr. Wroughton; Index, mr. Matthews; Subtle, mr. Wewitzer; Social, mr. Purſer; Loiter, mr. De Camp; Dauntleſs, mr. Palmer; Author, mr. Ruſſell; Margin, mr. Maddocks.——Lady Bloomfield, mrs. Jordan; Mrs. Barclay, mrs. Powell; Eleanor Barclay, miſs Boyce.

FABLE.

Mr. Cheviot, an author of lofty ſpirit, and appropriate poverty, is in love with Lady Bloomfield, a faſhionable widow whom he has reſcued from an inſult at the opera. His humility and his pride equally forbid him to expreſs his admiration openly; and the widow is withheld from explicit encouragement by the jealouſy of Eleanor Barclay, a young lady, whom Cheviot, amid all his poverty, relieves with a ſum of money that Lady Bloomfield herſelf had ſent to him without a name. Echo, a good-natured honeſt fellow, who imitates the manners and tones of all his companions, has been attached to Eleanor, but is urged and preſſed by his friends to woo Lady Bloomfield. Cheviot, in a ſpirited conference, urges him to perform his original promiſe.

promiſe. Love and honour reſume their influence over his mind: he is united to Eleanor, and Cheviot receives the hand of Lady Bloomfield. The obſcurity which during the earlier part of the play is hung over the birth and connections of the young author, is removed by an intereſting ſcene in the fifth act, where Mrs. Barclay, the mother of Eleanor, diſcovers herſelf to be the mother of Cheviot alſo, by a gentleman named Davenant, who, in early life, deſerted her, and had married, and was a widower; while her ſon was maintained by this very Davenant, who having long profeſſed to be only the friend, at laſt avows himſelf the father of Cheviot, and makes amends to Mrs. Barclay by marriage. Little amuſement is afforded by the incidental characters of Dauntleſs and Loiter, two idle coxcombs, and of Index, a good-natured gentleman, who is inſtrumental in bringing the parties to a right underſtanding.

This play is certainly creditable to its author; for though it diſcovers no originality of genius, no profound and accurate view of the mixed maſquerade of human characters,—but little of the *vis comica*, and leſs of poliſhed taſte, and a refined and ſkilful portraiture of living manners,—notwithſtanding theſe deductions, it deſerves to ſtand high upon the baſis of negative merit, and was well entitled to what it obtained,—ſecurity; though it can make no pretenſions to what it certainly aſpired to,—praiſe.

Its merit is a ſort of bleating innocence; an unarrogating ſimplicity. Its higheſt praiſe is that it does not offend: and in the preſent ſtate of the ſtage, it muſt be confeſſed to be no indifferent and original credit, not to diſguſt.

This play, however, is certainly formed from the floating materials and widely ſpreading elements of the novel preſs. It has been ſucked up in the atmoſphere of circulating libraries: and has a moſt powerful impregnation of that diverſe kind of extra-human incidents which break out from the Leadenhall ſhop in periodical abundance. We have children who know not their parents; and parents who do not know their children. We have life turned upſide down in ſearch of ſurprizes. We have novelty in the garb of wonder; and but ſeldom in the attractive dreſs of reality or truth.

The character of Cheviot is unnatural in the extreme! there is nothing to be ſeen or imagined like him either in life or fancy.

Echo, Index, and Loiter had little humour. They had neither the recommendation of life nor of manners; they were the mere ephemera of the ſtage: the '*Child who many fathers* ſhare.' They belong to almoſt every author who has written for the play-houſes for the laſt dozen years.

The dialogue and occaſional ſentiment of this piece were moſtly entitled to praiſe; if we except the performers, who were more deſerving either than author or play.

This piece made many lucky ſhots between wind and water, and came ſecurely into port, under the plentiful diſcharge of clap-trap morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing was gained but ſafety.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Thurſday, March 31, was preſented at this theatre a melo-drama, entitled, *Bonifacio and Bridgetina*; or, *The Knight of the Hermitage*; or, *The Windmill Turret*; or, *The Spectre of the North Eaſt Gallery*.

The idea of this melo-drama is taken from the French of monſ. Martainville, and a comic converſation, ſuppoſed to paſs in the box-lobby between the author, box book-keeper, and one of the audience, is introduced by way of prelude, to inform the public what ſpecies of farce

they

they are to expect—from this we eaſily anticipate a traveſty after the manner of *Tom Thumb the Great*, or *Chrononhotonthologus*—the piece then commences with a beautiful view of a caſtle, foreſt, and hermitage, where Sir Hildebrand, in mock heroics, informs his confident, Nicholas, that a ſorcerer has robbed him of his daughter, his nephew, and his caſtle—the recovery of theſe, and the ſubjugation of the tyrant Wizard, form the ground-work of the ſucceeding ſcenes in which we are preſented with every ſpecies of pageantry and ſplendor, uſually exhibited in pieces of a more ſerious nature; interſperſed with robbers, enlivened with caves and ſpectres, and finiſhing with a combat and conflagration.

This piece is a ſpecies of burleſque upon melo-dramas, preparatory to the exhibition of one. It is tranſlated from the French, to whom we now go for our ſatire as well as our ſentiment. It contains much good ſcenery, and will doubtleſs anſwer the ends of the managers.

Iriſh Theatricals.

'His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch;
The other turns to a *mirth*-moving jeſt.'
Shakeſpeare.

'Oh! there be *play'rs* that I have ſeen play.' *Ditto.*

IF we contemplate the degree of ſatisfaction which heretofore marked the *public countenance*, when PLEASURE contributed her aid to deſtroy the efforts of DULLNESS, to afford mental inſtruction, and to keep PAIN at an appropriate diſtance from our hearts, we muſt feel affected that we are doomed to live to ſee *that countenance* ſo materially changed, that PLEASURE condemned to durance, as a ſort of *petit traitor*—DULLNESS encouraged, as a plain matter of fact companion—and PAIN worſhipped, in honor of the *favors* ſhe has ſo unſparing conferred on the breaſts of IRISHMEN, ſince the period of their being honoured with the glorious appellation of—*Imperialiſts!*

Union! affrighting monſter!—We were going to expreſs our ſentiments too warmly, perhaps, on this diſguſting ſubject.—Let us leave it to the conſcience and reflection of the author, and let the public hear ſomething of the

'Play'rs, that we have ſeen play.'

Their names—their actions—their features, and their voices—ſtill render them fit objects either for merriment or approbation—for ribald ſongs or *Io pæans*.

Mr. Nicholas Jones claims precedence, which he ſhall here have, for *principal* reaſons, which we ſhall name, and for three *ſecondary* reaſons which ſhall be nameleſs.—The reaſon which we *will* name, is, that he is the patentee's *name*-ſake.

'Of *fertile* talents—modeſt to a hair.'

This *extra* actor has many a time *excited* our wonder—ſometimes *exacted* our applauſe—but even in his moſt tragical efforts he never could ſucceed in *extracting* a tear. Nicholas Jones is a *Rara Avis*, and, as ſuch, has obtained amongſt his moſt *familiar* brethren, the enviable appellation of Garrick—but

'Garrick *was ſmall*—and Jones *is ſix feet* high.

From mr. Nicholas (it is proper to make the diſtinction thus clearly—as ſome perſons might fooliſhly imagine that it is Frederick E. Jones, eſq. or mr. Richard Jones—who engroſs our attention)—Nicholas (vide the laſt word at the other ſide of the parenthis) has a vaſt retention, a correct delivery, and, notwithſtanding his recent viſit to the Britiſh metropolis, is by no means affected with the *na, na*—of the *barbarous cocknies*.—Mr. Nicholas Jones did not perform, as we have heard, in London;

London; he had an *engagement* it is true—one of a moſt *weighty* and *affecting* nature—but 'that's neither here nor there.' Mr. Nicholas Jones, excluſive of his profeſſional merit, has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the ſervice of the muſes, an acquaintance with whom he occaſionally cultivates: one of his *particular* acquaintances has been *particularly* noticed in a parody on Fawcett's Mock Italian Bravuro ſong—inſtead of the firſt line of the latter,

'My maſter was an *opera* ſinger,'—&c.

Mr. Jones's effuſion runs thus:—

'Johnny Byrne was a *chorus* ſinger,'—&c.

Mr. Byrne has expreſſed himſelf much hurt at this liberty—but as the inſult was merely of a poetical nature, mr. Jones's lucabrations have for the preſent been overlooked.

Next to mr. N. J. it may not be improper to place mr. Wallis—he being a *novelty* amongſt us. Indeed, he is ſo very great a novelty, that the audience ſeldom have an opportunity of appreciating his abilities.—We ſhall not offer any harſh obſervations on the efforts of an individual, who has been evidently much indiſpoſed ſince his engagement at Crow-ſtreet. There are a great many *gaps* in the company, and perhaps a better *ſtopper* for *one* of theſe could not be found than mr. Wallis. To be ſure it is a little ſurpriſing that nothing Iriſh would fill the *chaſm*; but mr. *Patentee* Jones is fond of *exotics*—he is an experimental manager, and no perſon will be found ſo preſumptive as to queſtion his—*taſte*.

Mr. Simpſon.—The critics ſay this young gentleman has improved *very much*—ſo *much* the better—however there is room for a greater exerciſe of that *riſing* propenſity. Improvement is the ſoul of a young actor—but if his vanity will not prompt him to attain that quality, he cannot poſſibly be offended when he finds himſelf claſſed with the *numſculls*.

We had intended to purſue our critical labours much further, but the preſs of other matter, compels us to abandon the purſuit, for the preſent, not, however, till we offer one or two general obſervations, from which our ſentiments will be very clearly underſtood, and no doubt, appreciated accordingly.

Of a variety of perſons, from the acting manager to the moſt ſubordinate *doer* about the theatre, complaints are uttered in every quarter which buſineſs compels, or pleaſure induces us to viſit. We hear of *this* man's tyranny,—of *that* man's ſelf-ſufficiency—of *this* woman's *horrific* mortifications—of *that* woman's *extatic* jollifications!—and all this by way of *P. S.* to the hiſtory already ſpoken, though never read, becauſe not written, printed, or circulated otherwiſe than by *word of mouth*.—With theſe matters we have nothing to do—if the ſyſtem is irregular, the public have a right to demand a change in it; but it is ſo firmly aſſerted that a new government is about to aſſume the Iriſh theatric empire, ſuch a demand at preſent might be deemed purely Iriſh—and would probably be placed to the account of our practical *bulls*.

Ship News Extraordinary.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a ſailor, and it will not want much of your diſcernment to diſcover that I am not in the habit of writing; but being laid up in your port of Dublin, frequenting the theatre, and amuſing myſelf with your excellent publication, a thought ſtruck me that you would give me the privilege of putting an actor or two on *your pedeſtal*; none more deſerving it than thoſe that o'erſtep the bounds of nature. Let the *cobler* ſtick to his laſt. If I may be allowed to draw a compariſon between Williams and Fullam in *Jobſon*, ſo much do

do I think Williams ſuperior, that the impreſſion on my mind is, that he is the very ſhoemaker, the very Jobſon himſelf; that in Fullam is to be ſeen the *actor* only, however allowed to be, and certainly juſtly, an admirable actor; but his Jobſon is not nature. In the intereſting and well performed melo-drama of the *Blind Boy*, myſelf and others were diſguſted, after the muſic and ſcenery, preparing you for the ſight of a noble king, ſuch as Holman in Henry VIII. or ſomething upright and ſtately, in ſtaggers feebly on a ſtick, with a paper-looking crown, Foote, a moſt *feeble* repreſentative ot majeſty indeed, quite deſtroying the effect of the ſcene. You are at liberty, of courſe, to make what uſe you pleaſe of this by correction,* and if not worthy inſertion, let me hear in your next number—it will be a hint not to trouble you again. Yours,

TOM JUNK.

Muſic.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE appears, to me, to be ſomething ſo abſurd, in a practice which I have often witneſſed in our theatre, that I am ſurpriſed the extent to which the evil has been carried, has not produced its reformation.—How is it? Muſt we not attribute it to *falſe taſte*, that an audience always teſtify their approbation of an excellent piece of muſic, and their applauſe of a ſuperior performer, by making a moſt unharmonious noiſe with their ſticks and legs againſt the floor, and by clapping their hands together? Indeed their anxiety to make this obſtreperous clatter is ſo great, that it often commences whilſt the delightful ſtrains are '*ſtill vibrating on our ears*,' and in proportion to the excellence of the compoſition and the execution, this diſcordant tumult is increaſed and continued. I am informed that, amongſt the audience, this mode of expreſſing pleaſure pleads, in its behalf, great antiquity, but, upon ſober reflection, is it not a '*cuſtom*' which would be '*more honoured in the breach than the obſervance?*'

A FOREIGNER.

NOTE.

* We have reported *Tom Junk* juſt as he *ſpoke* us.

May, 1808.

On Printing.

PRINTING is the beſt gift that Heaven, in its clemency, has granted man. It will ere long change the face of the univerſe. From the narrow ſpace of a printer's preſs iſſue forth the moſt exalted and generous ideas, which it will be impoſſible for man to reſiſt; he will adopt them even againſt his will, and the reſult is already viſible. Printing had ſcarcely been diſcovered, when every thing ſeemed to aſſume a general and diſtinct bent towards perfection. Ideas became more pure, deſpotiſm was civilized, and humanity held in higher repute; reſearches were made from all parts; men ſcrutinized, examined, and laboured hard in order to overthrow the ancient temple of ignorance and error; every attention was paid to the general good, and all undertakings received the ſeal of utility. Properly to comprehend this truth, one muſt not confine oneſelf within a city; but view the whole face of Europe, ſee the numerous uſeful eſtabliſhments which have ariſen in every country, croſs the ſeas, and look at America, and meditate on the aſtoniſhing change which has there taken place.

America, is perhaps, deſtined to new mould human kind; its inhabitants may adopt a ſublime code of laws, they may perhaps bring the arts and ſciences to perfection, and be the repreſentatives of the ancients. In this aſylum of liberty, the magnanimous ſouls of the Greeks may again ariſe; and this example will prove to the world what man can

accompliſh, if he will dedicate his courage and underſtanding to the common good.

The means of arriving at univerſal happineſs are already marked out; the preſent concern is the expanſion of them, and from this, there is but one ſtep to make to put them in practice. Look back and you will find whether ideas of this ſort conceived thirty years ago, be not at preſent realiſed, and then judge of the ſtrength and ſenſe of human reaſon. When genius ſhall have bent againſt error, the thunder of its majeſtic voice, what people are there who will not ſooner or later hear it, and awake from the lethargy in which they had ſo long ſlumbered.

Noble art! thou alone haſt been able to counterbalance all the fire-arms of the univerſe! Thou art the counterpoiſe of that fatal powder which was going to condemn us all to ſlavery. Printing! thou mayeſt truly be deemed an invention from Heaven.

The tyrant, ſurrounded by his guards, defended by two hundred thouſand naked ſwords, inſenſible to the ſtings of conſcience, will not be ſo to that of a pen; this dart will find the way to his heart, even in the boſom of grandeur. He would wiſh to ſmile and conceal the wound he has received, but it is the convulſion of rage which agitates his lips, and he is puniſhed, let him be ever ſo powerful. Yes he is, and his children would alſo be puniſhed by inheriting his deteſted name, did they not by their actions acquire a different fame.

The labours and ſucceſſion of ſeveral ages will throw light on what is ſtill involved in darkneſs, and no uſeful diſcovery will again be loſt.

Printing will immortalize the books that have been dictated by the genius of humanity; and all theſe accumulated works, and various thoughts improved by reflection will form a general code of laws for nations.—Even if nature were no more to produce any of thoſe geniuſes of whom ſhe is ſo ſparing, the aſſiduity of ordinary minds will raiſe the edifice of phyſical knowledge.

'The mind of one ſingle man may be exhauſted, but not that of mankind,' has been ſaid by a poet. Genius ſeems to walk with giant ſteps, becauſe the ſparks which fly from all parts of the globe, may be united in one focus by the aid of printing, which collects every ſcattered ray.—Poſterity will then be much aſtoniſhed at our ignorance reſpecting many objects which time will have more clearly developed. From this we may infer that it will be more agreeable to live a thouſand years hence than at preſent, for I have too good an opinion of man, to believe he will reject the truths which crowd around him.

Philoſophy is a beacon which ſpreads afar its light; it has not an active power, yet it directs our courſe; it only points out the road, it is the wind that muſt ſwell the ſails, and impel the veſſel. True philoſophy has never been the cauſe of troubles or crimes; it is the ſublime voice of reaſon that ſpeaks to the univerſe, and is only powerful when liſtened to. Man becomes enlightened unconſciouſly; he cannot reject truth, when, cut and faſhioned like to the diamond, it is unfolded by the hands of genius.

There have been opinions, which, ſimilar to the plague, have travelled round the world; have cauſed people to periſh in the flames in Europe, to be maſſacred in America; have filled Aſia with blood, and ſpread their ravages as far as the poles of the earth. The plague has had its run, it has only carried away two-thirds of the human race; but theſe barbarous extravagancies have reigned twelve hundred years, and degraded men beneath the brute creation. Philoſo-

phical

phical writers are the benevolent ſages who have arreſted and diſarmed this epedemic diſeaſe, more dangerous than the moſt dreaded calamities.

E. R.

The Brothers.

A YOUTH who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quickſands, once more ventured in, and narrowly eſcaped from death. His elder brother, who a few months before had fallen in love with a beauſiful girl, won her affections, and married her, and in thoſe months had often wiſhed both wife, and the marriage ſtate far enough, hearing of the danger his brother had been in, ſaid to him: 'I am more ſurprized at your eſcape, than at the danger you have been in; how could you be ſo fooliſh as to truſt this dangerous element, becauſe it did not at other times deceive you!

'Then let it ſtill leſs be a wonder to you, (ſaid the other) that your wife, ſince the time ſhe has been your wife, often gives you cauſe for repentance; who told you to truſt ſo fickle a ſex, as the female, becauſe a pretty girl ſmiled on you, and for days ſeemed to think well of you?'

'And what would you have had me do with this ſex?'

'Study and learn it well!'

'Fool! it would be like telling a ſeaman, after he had ſuffered all ſtorms, to learn the depth and every rock in the fathomleſs deep; to both purpoſes one common courſe of life would not be ſufficient, which ſeldom exceeds eighty or ninety years.'

Umbrellas.

MR. EDITOR,

SEVERAL perſons, ſcarcely *four feet* high, are in the practice of carrying very *large* umbrellas, and as the pavement in many parts of this metropolis is not more than three feet wide, and of courſe not calculated for two machines, each meaſuring above four feet and ſix inches in diameter, to paſs with ſafety,—and as the *ſhort* people are always endeavouring to *overreach* the *tall* ones,—by which means the eye ſight of many of his majeſty's ſubjects is much endangered,—this is to inform the above mentioned *little* people, that unleſs the aforeſaid practice is diſcontinued, application will be made to ———, (the barriſter) member for ———, and to both the members for ——, requeſting them to introduce and ſupport a bill in parliament to puniſh ſuch offenders.

FIVE FEET—ELEVEN INCHES—AND THREE QUARTERS.

Late Hours. An Epiſtle to a Friend in defence of them.

My Dear Friend,

LET ſlaves to buſineſs, thoſe bodies without ſoul, thoſe important blanks in nature, ſolemnize nonſenſe in the broad glare of day; you and I prefer night, which either heals or conceals our cares. Rogues juſtified, as it were, and made bold by ſucceſs, dull fools and coxcombs, ſanctified by their wealth, may wanton in the ſun, but *thread bare* merit refuſes to ſhew his face until empty proſperity is gone to bed: for misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the day, and thus the ſons of care are ever proved the ſons of night.

The wretch educated in the drowſy ſchool of method, whoſe only merit is to err by rule, whoſe heat of blood never betrays him into a falſe ſtep, and whoſe ſoul ſeems uſeleſs for any other purpoſe but to move through the inſipid ſpace of life the dull clock-work machine called his body; he, I ſay, turns up his eyes to think that there ſhould exiſt, amongſt God's creatures, two ſuch beings as we are; then calls for his night cap, and

thanks

thanks his ſtars that gave him the grace to keep *good hours*.

Good hours! pretty words; but are all men agreed in their meaning? Our friend B—— who has purſued a courſe for many years in downright oppoſition to the ſun, expatiates with as much vigour as our *prudent* friends on the virtue of *good hours*. But the term is uncertain, and in different mouths means different things.—With *prudence* it is ten o'clock, but with B—— it always means four.

Let the perriwig-pated doctor overflow with ſcraps of ancient learning, and deſcant, in all the dignity of wig, on the fatal conſequences of midnight air, and how vapours and damps ſap and undermine the conſtitution:—for me, let Galen rot upon the ſhelf, I will live, and be my own phyſician. While my ſoul and body are joined together, be my life long or ſhort, I will make them, as ſuch near relations ſhould, live in amity and good humour with each other.

The ſureſt road to health (depend upon it) is never to ſuppoſe that we ſhall be ill, for I firmly believe that moſt of the evils of us poor mortals originate in doctors and in the imagination. Then away with theſe boaſted precepts, theſe ſtale traps, only fit for old women and fools.—As well *may* phyſicians expect to diſcover one medicine, as one hour, to ſuit all mankind.

If F—— is out of bed after ten, the fool can't hold up his head the next morning. But what reaſon is this to drive me to my couch, whoſe head (thank Heaven) never aches at all? Different tempers take different courſes—he hates the moon I ſicken at the ſun—*his* clock goes well, when wound up at twelve at noon, but *mine* goes better, if wound up at twelve at night! Then, my friend, how often have we, in a grateful cup of oblivion, drowned the galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown, the ſtrange reſerve, and the proud affected conſequence of knaves grown rich, and fools grown great? So have we drowned, and ſo will we, again and again, drown the memory of men who themſelves moſt aſſuredly deſerve a more exalted fate!

On Anger.

ANGER is accompanied by the moſt abſurd, as well as the moſt injurious conſequences, of all the paſſions. Among fools it is contagious, and often ſeizes on a whole company infected by a ſingle patient. What imbecility! There is a beautiful and apt allegory in the Perſian language, which exhibits this paſſion in a very contemptuous light.—'A ſhallow puddle, and not the ſea, is troubled by the falling of a pebble.'

I attribute all the happineſs of my life to the inſtruction of this allegorical adage. In my very extenſive travels, I was often the object of anger, from my ignorance of particular cuſtoms in particular countries. This anger of ſtrangers I ſtudied to ſoothe, and not to irritate; and I ſaw as much folly in appropriating this moral diſorder, as I ſhould in giving myſelf a head-ache becauſe my companion had got one.

Before I began my travels, I was of a very irritable diſpoſition; but, after a very ſhort period, I had found ſo much oppoſition to my will, and ſo much offence to my feelings, in the cenſure and curioſity of ſtrange nations, that I at length acquired a temperance of toleration which taught me to pity, and not to reſent the paſſions of others; and when to an angry or illiberal obſervation I reply with complacent language, it is but marking my own ſuperiority of moral temperament, and ſhowing that I am not to be infeſted with moral as with phyſical contagion. A philoſopher may catch the ſmall-pox from a converſant; but if he catches his paſſions, he muſt be a fool.

This invaluable maxim of avoid-

ing

ing moral contagion, by behaving politely to the vulgar, complaiſantly to the angry, humbly to the proud, and wiſely to the fooliſh, has conducted me over all the world, through the conſtant ſtock of cuſtoms, tempers, and opinions, without a ſingle perſonal quarrel; and I have often met with European travellers, in the eaſtern parts of the world, who, in a few days journey, had met with more diſaſters of quarrel in a ſingle hour than I had done in thirty years travel.

How often does the ignorance of this maxim, in managing the temper, cauſe the miſery of human life! How many unhappy victims of the paſſion of anger would be relieved by attending to the Perſian adage!

What valuable friendſhips are often diſſolved by a reciprocal, or contagious anger, in the interchange of a few unmeaning words! What long and ſacred connexions are diſſolved between reſpectable maſters and worthy ſervants, by a haſty expreſſion! What interruptions to ſocial intercourſe, among neighbours, are cauſed by the contagion of ill-humour!

I have always obſerved, in company, that a ſoft and ſoothing reply, made to an angry obſervation, has carried in it ſuch influential reproof, that the angry perſon has been abaſhed and conſternated with overwhelming ſhame, while the complacent and mild converſant, became the idol of every man's eſteem.

The practice of the foregoing maxim introduced me to the great ſecret of human happineſs, which was the independence of ſelf on the vice and ignorance of its own ſpecies. I attached myſelf to no nation, that I might follow liberty, peace, ſecurity, and pleaſure, wherever they appeared. And I gave my applauſe, my ſupport, and reſidence to theſe countries becauſe their laws preſerved thoſe bleſſings.

The preceding diſſertation is taken from one of the works of a well known traveller, who has viſited all Europe, and ſeveral parts of Aſia, Africa, and America. With ſome modifications, the maxims it contains appear worthy of attention.

On Good Travellers.

'The grown boy too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool.'
Gay's Fables.

WE are informed by Plutarch, that Lycurgus forbad the Spartans from viſiting other countries, from an apprehenſion that they would contract foreign manners, relax their rigid diſcipline, and grow fond of a form of government different from their own. This law was the reſult of the moſt judicious policy, as the compariſon made by a Spartan in the courſe of his travels would neceſſarily have produced diſaffection to his country, and averſion to its eſtabliſhments. It was therefore the deſign of the rigid legiſlator to confirm the prejudices of his ſubjects, and to cheriſh that intenſe flame of patriotiſm which afterwards blazed out in the moſt renowned exploits.

So propitious is the Britiſh government to the rights of the people, ſo free is its conſtitution, and ſo mild are its laws, that the more intimate our acquaintance with foreign ſtates is, the more reaſon we find to confirm our predilection for the place of our birth. Our legiſlature has no neceſſity, like that of the Spartan republic, to ſecure the obedience of its ſubjects by making ignorance an engine of ſtate. But although England may riſe ſuperior in the compariſon with foreign countries, it is much to be wiſhed, that its pre-eminence was more frequently aſcertained by cool heads and mature underſtanding; and that ſome check was given to the general cuſtom of ſending youths abroad at too early an age. Innumerable inſtances could be

be adduced to prove, that, ſo far from any ſolid advantages being derived from the practice, it is generally pregnant with great and incurable evils. As ſoon as boys are emancipated from ſchool, or have kept a few terms at the univerſity, they are ſent to ramble about the continent.—The critical and highly improper age of nineteen or twenty, is uſually deſtined for this purpoſe. Their curioſity is eager and indiſcriminate; their paſſions warm and impetuous; their judgement merely beginning to dawn, and of courſe inadequate to the juſt compariſon between what they have left at home, and what they obſerve abroad. It is vainly expected by their parents, that the authority of their tutors will reſtrain the ſallies of their ſons, and confine their attention to proper objects of improvement. But granting every tutor to be a Mentor, every pupil is not a Telemachus. The gaieties, the follies, and the voluptuouſneſs of the continent addreſs themſelves in ſuch captivating forms to the inclination of youth, that they ſoon become deaf to the calls of admonition. No longer confined by the ſhackles of ſcholaſtic or parental reſtraint, they launch out at once into the wide ocean of faſhionable indulgence. The only check which curbs the young gentleman with any force, is the father's threat, to withhold the neceſſary remittances. The ſon, however, expoſtulates with ſome plauſibility, and repreſents that his ſtyle of living introduces him into the brilliant circles of the gay and great, among whom alone can be obtained the graces of poliſhed behaviour, and the elegant attainments of genteel life. How much he has improved by ſuch refined intercourſe is evident on his return home. He can boaſt of having employed the moſt faſhionable taylor at Paris, of intriguing with ſome celebrated madame, and appearing before the *lieutenant de police* for a drunken fray. He may, perhaps, more than once have loſt his money at the ambaſſador's card-parties, ſupped in the ſtables at Chântilli, and been introduced to the grand monarque, at Verſailles. The acquiſitions he has made are ſuch as muſt eſtabliſh his character among thoſe who have never travelled, as a *virtuoſo* and a *bon vivant*. By great good fortune he may have brought over a Paris watch, a counterfeit corregio, and a hogſhead of genuine champagne. But it is well if his mind be not furniſhed with things more uſeleſs than thoſe which he has collected for his pocket, his drawing-room, and his cellar. He has, perhaps, eſtabliſhed a kind of commercial treaty with our polite neighbours, and has exchanged ſimplicity for artifice, candour for affectation, ſteadineſs for frivolity, and principle for libertiniſm. If he has continued long among the votaries of faſhion, gallantry, and wit, he muſt be a perfect Grandiſon if he retnrn not to his native country in manners a monkey, in attainments a ſciolift, and in religion a ſceptic.

From the expedition of ſome travellers, we are not to conclude, that knowledge of the world may be caught with a glance; or, in other words, that they are geniuſes who 'graſp a ſyſtem by intuition.' They might gain as much information if they ſkimmed over the continent with a balloon. The various places they fly through appear like the ſhifting ſcenes of a pantomime, which juſt catch the eye, and obliterate the faint impreſſions of each other We are told of a noble Roman, who could recollect all the articles that had been purchaſed at an auction, and the names of the ſeveral buyers. The memory of our travellers ought to be of equal capacity and retentiveneſs, conſidering the ſhort time they allow themſelves for the inſpection of curioſities.

The

The fact is, theſe birds of paſſage conſult more for their fame than their improvement. To ride poſt through Europe is, in their opinion, an atchievement of no ſmall glory. Like Powell, the celebrated walker, their object is to go and return in the ſhorteſt time poſſible. It is not eaſy to determine how they can more profitably employ their whiffling activity than by commencing jockies, expreſſes, or mail-coachmen.

Ignorance of the modern languages, and particularly the French, is a material obſtacle againſt our countryman's reaping the deſired advantages from his travels. It is a common cuſtom to poſtpone any application to them until a few months before the grand tour is commenced. The ſcholar vainly ſuppoſes that his own moderate diligence, and his maſter's compendious mode of teaching, will work wonders, by making him a complete linguiſt — From a ſlight knowledge of the cuſtomary forms of addreſs, and a few detached words, the French language is ſuppoſed to be very eaſy. No allowance is made for the variety of the irregular verbs, the nice combination of particles, the peculiar turn of faſhionable phraſes, and the propriety of pronunciation. The great deficiencies in all theſe particulars are abundantly apparent as ſoon as *Milord Anglois* lands on the other ſide of the channel. After venturing to tell his friends, to whom he has letters of recommendation, that he is *raviſhed* to ſee them, his converſation is at an end. His contracted brow, faltering tongue, and embarraſſed air, diſcover that he labours with ideas which he wants words to expreſs. Even the moſt juſt remarks, the moſt brilliant conception of wit, are ſmothered in their birth. To ſuch a diſtreſſing caſe, the obſervation of Horace will not apply—

'Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.'

If he can arrive after much ſtammering and heſitation at the arrangement of a ſentence, it abounds with ſuch blunders and Angliciſms as require all the politeneſs even of a Frenchman to excuſe. Frequent attempts will, without doubt, produce fluency, and conſtant care will ſecure correctneſs; but the misfortune is, that the young traveller is employed by words, when his mind ought to be engaged with things. It is not leſs unſeaſonable than ridiculous, that he ſhould be perplexing himſelf with the diſtinction between *femme ſage* and *ſage femme*, when he ought to be examining the amphi-theatre at Nîmes, or the canal at Languedoc.

Ignorance of the languages is a great inducement to our countrymen to aſſociate together when abroad.— The misfortune of this practice is, that they ſpend their time in poiſoning each other's minds with prejudices againſt foreigners, of whom they know little from perſonal experience, and of whom they have not the laudable ambition of knowing more. Their more active employments conſiſt in ſuch diverſion as they have tranſplanted from home. They game, play at cricket, and ride races. The Frenchman grins a contemptuous ſmile at theſe exhibitions; and ſhrewdly remarks, that monſieur John Bull travels more to divert him than to improve himſelf. Rather than give occaſion for this ridicule, our young gentlemen had better remain at home, upon their paternal eſtates, and collect their knowledge of other countries from *Brydone's Tour*, *Moore's Travels*, or *Kearſley's Guides*.

Q.

Modern Anecdotes.

MRS. B———.

AT a rehearſal of Artaxerxes, the celebrated mrs. B———, who ſuſtained the principal female character, called out in a very peremptory manner

ner—'*Fellow, bring me my crook.*' Mr. Simmonds, the property-man, immediately replied—'*Madam, your fellow is not here.*' She felt the rebuke, and made the requeſt more ſucceſsfully, in more proper language; thus by hook or by crook obtaining it. TRISTRAM.

MR. CUMBERLAND.

IT was reported that mr. Cumberland had received a handſome preſent from the Iſraelites, in conſequence of the white-waſhing, or rather gilding he had given them in his *Jew*. This report induced a gentleman lately to aſk him the queſtion—'No,' ſaid mr. C. 'they gave me nothing, and, to tell you the truth, I am rather glad of it, for if they had, in all probability I ſhould have been indicted for receiving ſtolen goods.'

MR. EDITOR,

RELATIVE to the Site for a Bridge, oppoſite the Four-Courts mentioned to have been determined on Friday, 13th Inſt. I muſt beg leave to obſerve—

That there ſhould not be any Bridge between Church-Street Bridge and Eſſex-Bridge, no ſuch thing being neceſſary, as the Diſtance between theſe two Bridges is not greater than that between Eſſex-Bridge and Carliſle-Bridge, which are near enough together, and as no Streets run from the North and South of the Town to meet a Bridge, if built over the River Liffey between Church-Street Bridge and Eſſex-Bridge.

If a Bridge was built, as a Builder propoſes, exactly oppoſite the Four-Courts, this Bridge would be a National Impropriety. It would not be a continuation of Streets; it would be a Nuiſance to the Four-Courts. And as to a Street, as propoſed, to run up from this Bridge direct to High-Street; ſuch a Street would run from the loweſt part of Dublin, the River level, ſtraight to the higheſt part of it, the Middle of High-Street.

Such a Street would neither be of Uſe nor Ornament: A Coach drawn by Six Horſes could not aſcend it: A Coach to be drawn up ſuch a Street would require a Windlaſs in the Middle of High-Street to draw it up there.

Ormond Bridge was formerly neceſſary, as it was central in the Town, at preſent the Town is much better without it. Between Church-Street and Bridge-Street there ſhould be a broad handſome Bridge inſtead of the narrow bad one there.

Dublin, 16th May, 1808. HINT.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

For Gibson's Ancient Miscellany.

Lines most respectfully inscribed on the Lovely Sisters, the Misses E—tt—r, Daughters of the most amiable Widow E—tt—r, of Church-street, Ennis, Co. of Clare.

'Two constellations of all that's amiable and lovely in woman!!'

COME let once more the lyre be strung,
And be my *darling Marg'ret* sung:
With all celestial virtue grac'd,
The court's high breeding, and true taste:
With more than human wisdom wise,
And fair as light in eastern skies.—
Sure Nature robb'd the graces three,
Of all their beaut'ous charms for thee!
Oh! see in her enchanting face,
Such seraph-sweetness, such a grace.
Blushes—so divine and fair,
As never yet in roses were!
Her breath sweet as Arabia's gale,
Or flow'rs that bloom in Tempe's vale!
See that lovely sylphic waist,
And that neck so sweetly grac'd!
And the throbbing of that breast,
Soft as pity—and as blest.
See that neat neglect of air,
Far out-charming—other's care!
Next that peerless soul of thine,
Darts like lightning into mine;
Charg'd with Heaven's œthereal flame,
Full of charms without a name!
Young and blythe as blooming May,
Mild as April's vernal day!
Ah! how fatally she warms!
Sweetly smiling now she charms!

Maria next adorns my lay.
Her lovely form and modest ray;
In her we see all charms combine,
In her sure all perfections shine:
With ev'ry virgin-virtue fraught,
And ev'ry pure unspotted thought.
That ease, simplicity and grace,
Which in her *angel-form* we trace!
She whom ev'ry youth admires,
At whose feet his fate enquires;
Like a HELEN form'd to move,
Lovely as the queen of love!—
Young and blythe as blooming May,
Mild as April's vernal day!—
Surely Nature's utmost care
Formed this nymph supremely fair!
In whom each grace and beauty meet,
Making *mind* and *face* compleat.—
And whose *shape* and *sense* conspire,
Ev'ry breast with love to fire!—
When we sure *Maria* see,
Who can gaze—and still be free?
When we hear her mind express,
Who can hear—and not be blest?
Ecstatic fair! transcendant charms!
Ye gods! convey them to my arms!
Limerick, May 1, 1808.

For Gibson's Universal Miscellany.

Elegy on the dear departed Miss E. Mulvihill, Daughter of Daniel Mulvihill, of Knockanira, Co. of Clare, Esq. &c. &c.—who departed this Life, in the bloom of vernal loveliness, on Wednesday, 20th of April, 1808. Aged 19 Years!

O Melpomene! lugubris cantûs Dea!
Præcipe modum lugendi tam dilectum caput!

WHAT mean those tears which flow from friendship's eye?
Why languid thus each fair-one droops her head?
Those fault'ring accents, and that heart-felt sigh,
Proclaim the *good*—the *lovely Ellen* dead!—

Here beauty plac'd her bright attractive seat,
Here sweet benevolence and virtue dwelt;
And pity here found a calm retreat,
Nor rude offence, nor molestation felt.

How hard his fate! if some enamour'd youth
Gaz'd on her beauties with a partial eye;
Who feeds the memory of his destin'd truth,
With many a fruitless—solitary sigh!

Ye, blooming fair! whose hearts are form'd to feel,
Ye that have seen *Mulvihill's* mournful bier:
Let sorrow o'er your tender minds prevail,
And drop with me the sympathetic tear.—

Ah! whither now is *fair Ellen* fled?
Transplanted to what colder sky—
Does this sweet lily now hang the head,
Neglected—droop—decline—and die?—

'Too fair a flower for thus rude clime'—
She fled from each delighted eye;—
Ah! fled in youth's—in beauty's prime—
To happy realms beyond the sky!—
Limerick, May 2, 1808.

For Gibſon's Hibernian Miſcellany.

Sacred to the Memory of the late Daniel Finucane, of Church-ſtreet, Ennis, County of Clare, Eſq. &c. &c.

'Abſtulit atra dies!'

LO! ſoft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendſhip ſits a mourner here.
eſcap'd from death, O ſate on that calm ſhore,
Where ſickneſs, pain and anguiſh are no more.
Your humble grave, tho' no proud ſtructure grace,
Yet truth and goodneſs ſanctify the place.—
If manners gentle——worth——unſullied fame—
If honor blooming—rectitude ſevere—
If merit——goodneſs——veneration claim,
Theſe you poſſeſs'd—and theſe demand a tear.
Careful your various duties t' attend
You ſhone the huſband—father—and the friend.—
The good man's worth we know not till he's gone,
'Tis in his loſs we feel what he has done.
Your ſole ambition to relieve the poor;
Cancel their wants, their preſſing grief to cure.
Now cold that heart, which felt a neighbour's grief.
Cold is that hand which always ſtretch'd relief.
Thoſe eyes that once fill'd at another's woes,
And ſparkl'd to relieve—for ever clos'd!—
Is this the man, whoſe urn you fill with tears?
Whoſe death you mourn, diſtreſs'd with anxious fears?
Sing rather at his happy change, and riſe
In rapt'rous notes with him, above the ſkies:
See him in realms of bliſs, with glory crown'd,
With pleaſing accents dwelling on the ſound
Of heav'nly grace, which there they echo round!

Limerick. May 2, 1808,

O

For Gibſon's Admired Miſcellany.

Epitaph on the late Thomas Dulhunty, of Ennis, Co. of Clare, Eſq. &c. &c.

'Munere fungar inani.'

HOW vain are all the hopes we centre here,
Like bubbles on the ſtream they diſappear!
They fly away, and ſoon reſign their place
To grief and tears—the lot of human race!
In vain we pleaſe ourſelves with dreams of joy,
The pleaſing proſpect does our minds decoy.
The promiſ'd bleſſings quickly diſappear,
We catch at ſhadows and the fleeting air!—
Sepulchral honors celebrate the great,
Who live in luxury, and die in ſtate,
While pomp and ſhew their common aſhes wait:
Far be ſuch follies from thy hallow'd tomb,
Which boaſts intrinſic worth within its womb:
As earth's bare ſurface mocks unwary eyes,
Where the rich ore within its boſom lies.
Sure, to his memory, our tears are due,
He was to friendſhip and to honor true.
Virtue and goodneſs both their pow'rs combin'd
To form thy manners, and exalt thy mind.
Say, which ſhall moſt th' impartial muſe commend,
The huſband—father—maſter—or the friend?
Or, in what ſtrains thy doleful loſs bemoan,
Since ev'ry ſocial virtue was thy own?
Firm and collect'd, to thy lateſt breath,
And more than conqu'ror in the pangs of death!

Limerick, May 2, 1808.

Sonnet to Sweden.

PURE gem of freedom, that no bribes can buy:
True to thyſelf, to ſpotleſs honour true,
Virtue delights thy brillancy to view,
Tho' placed beneath an inauſpicious ſky,
And ſown'd upon by gloomy perfidy,
Striving in vain thy ſpirit to ſubdue.
The tyrant's efforts ſerve but to renew
Thy ſplendour, and freſh energy ſupply.
Boldly proceed! and on thy bright career
May fortune ſmile and victory attend!
To BRITAIN all thy intereſts are dear—
In her thou'lt always find a faithful friend,
Whoſe floating bulwarks, join'd with thine, ſhall form
A wall to guard thee from invaſion's ſtorm

HAFIZ.

Sonnet, occaſioned by the late events in Spain.

ALAS, CASTILE! how creſt-fallen is thy pride,
That nobly ſcorn'd, in happier days of yore,
To bend diſhonour's odious ſhrine before,
Or flatter baſeneſs with foul guilt allied!

O'er

O'er thee fell faction ſpreads her pinions wide,
And treachery becks, from yon polluted ſhore,
The furies on thy fated fields to pour
French domination's deſolating tide!
Thy chiefs betray thee—and thy doom is ſeal'd!
The vulture on thy vitals now ſhall prey
Remorſeleſs. Never ſhall thoſe wounds be heal'd,
Inflicted by thy ſons in evil day!
O loſt to honour, duty, intereſt, right,
Thy antient glory's ſunk in endleſs night!

HAFIZ.

The Negro. Written on the Iſland of St. Croix.

HOW oft among the ſweet refreſhing bowers,
'Midſt groves of orange or banana's ſhade;
When balmy gales allay'd the ſultry hours,
Has careleſs childhood wander'd thro' the glade.

There have I liſten'd to the negro's ſong,
While pity ſwell'd my tender infant breaſt;
Oft heard the ſighs that breath'd the vales along,
And wept to find his ſorrows ne'er at reſt.

For Congo's ſhore his heart lamented loud,
For thoſe dear woods, the ſcene of early love;
Where firſt to SAMBA ardently he vow'd,
His conſtant care and tenderneſs to prove.

'Midſt tall palmettos, where his hut once ſtood,
Where peace and plenty ſmil'd in happier day;
His bark would glide on Gambia's ſilver flood,
While ſoft at evening roſe the ſimple lay.

And when the golden ſun's laſt glimmering beam
Illum'd the tops of ſpicy foreſts wide,
Joyous he'd view the trembling radiance gleam
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the yellow tide.

Yes, there he roam'd in nature's fulleſt pride,
Nor any fear, or any danger knew,
Save when the voice of frightful OBI* cried,
Or from the clouds the winged light'ning flew.

But, careleſs now, he ſees the light'nings fly,
Beholds the main in dreadful fury toſs'd;
His only fondeſt wish, is how to die,
For every comfort, every hope, is loſt.

Alas! my SAMBA! burſting ſighs exclaim,
Where now the love that charmed my youthful ſoul?
Is't left me only to invoke thy name?
While years of miſery thus o'er me roll.

Oh! could'ſt thou hear, 'midſt curſes dreadful din,
The murderous laſh that wounds my ſhatter'd frame,
—That laſh, which ſounds my labours to begin,
Whilſt my indignant ſoul repels the ſhame.

To SAMBA thus he pour'd the plantive ſong,
And the faint breezes anſwer'd to his moan.
In tears he curs'd the author of his wrongs,
Whilſt oft in anguiſh burſt the bitter groans.

N O T E.

* A deity much dreaded by all the negroes.

The Maid of Erin.

MY thoughts delights to wander
Upon a diſtant ſhore;
Where lovely, fair, and tender
Is ſhe whom I adore:
May Heav'n, its bleſſings ſparing,
On her beſtow them free,
The lovely maid of Erin!
Who ſweetly ſang to me.

Had Fortune fix'd my ſtation,
In ſome propitious hour,
The monarch of a nation,
Endow'd with wealth and power;
That wealth and power ſharing,
My peerleſs queen ſhould be,
The lovely maid of Erin!
Who ſweetly ſang to me.

Altho' the reſtleſs ocean
May long between us roar,
Yet while my heart has motion,
She'll lodge within its core;
For artleſs and endearing,
And mild and young is ſhe,
The lovely maid of Erin!
Who ſweetly ſang to me.

When fate gives intimation,
That my laſt hour is nigh,
With placid reſignation
I'll lay me down and die:
Fond hope my boſom cheering,
That I in heav'n ſhall ſee,
The lovely maid of Erin!
Who ſweetly ſang to me.

Stole

State of Public Affairs.

SCARCELY had the nations of Europe recovered from the ſurpriſe at ſeeing a royal family expatriate itſelf, and try its fortunes in diſtant regions, when a new phœnomenon excited freſh alarms in the already ſufficiently terrified cabinets of the continent. The court of Portugal had left the country without ſtriking a blow, or even attempting to ſtrike a blow at the invading enemy. The world, perhaps, has never before been witneſs to a ſimilar tranſaction. That court had been for ſome time tributary to a greater power; but no reaſon had tranſpired, why it ſhould not continue to poſſeſs the remains of greatneſs, and enjoy the ſplendours of royalty. But after many ſtruggles, it had the reſolution to try its fortune in a new region, and to leave the country to be governed by a different order of men, whoſe dominion could not poſſibly be ſo irkſome to a well-thinking mind, as that of a prieſt-ridden cabinet. We ſtill are to learn, how the emigrants have been received in the Braſils, and with what tempers they have landed. It is to be hoped, that the Braſilians have no poets among them to emulate the ſtrains of thoſe in the mother country: for a very popular ſonnet is now in circulation in Liſbon, which addreſſes the winds and the waves, in a very ſublime manner, to waft over and ſupport ſecurely their precious burdens; and concludes with an animated chorus, that the country, being now relieved from this burden, heartily prays, that it may be for ever kept on the other ſide of the Atlantic.

What a wondeful leſſon might not this emigration of a ſovereign be made, if royal ears would only liſten to its inſtructions. But it is curious, that on the continent of Europe, it does not appear, that any one court has been benefited by the French revolution. Not any of them paid the leaſt attention to the reform of abuſes: every one was determined, as if by fatal infatuation, to go on in the ſame career, and to ſink, whenever the overwhelming hand of power ſhould determine to inflict the ſentence.—Spain was once the moſt warlike and flouriſhing country in Europe; and Madrid boaſted of keeping within its walls a captive king of France. That king fought bravely before he was taken. How is the ſcene now changed! A ſovereign of France is perhaps at this moment within the walls of Madrid, dictating laws to the kingdom of Spain. And how did he obtain this pre-eminence? Did he enter the capital after many a well-fought battle; and is the wreath of victory on his brows? No;—His troops marched into the kingdom, and took the poſts aſſigned to them as leiſurely as our regiments are moved from one barrack to another in the time of the profoundeſt peace. The ſovereign of France follows at his leiſure: and the nations of Spain looks on with the utmoſt indifference; and not an arm is raiſed to oppoſe this extraordinary revolution.

In what a ſtate has been then the Spaniſh cabinet! How they have been ſleeping at their poſts! Had they no feeling for their country—no preſentiment of approaching evils? It appears, that they were not all aſleep; not all infatuated: but diſtraction reigned in their councils, and they were incapable of propoſing ſuch meaſures, or were too well aſſured how little reliance could be placed on the people, to embrace the proper means of ſaving their lives, and property. All that has hitherto tranſpired tends to prove, that the prince of the peace was juſtly alarmed for his own ſafety, and for that of the king. Whatever may have been his faults, and however ſo little he may have deſerved of his country; ſtill he ſeems to have remained attached to his maſter, and willing to aid in preſerving him from ignominy and contempt. His plan ſeems to have been to tranſport the king and family, and himſelf, to the Spaniſh dominions in South America; there to imitate the Portugueſe, in founding a new kingdom. But his meaſures were not well planned; or the monarch perhaps was wavering. The council diſcovered them: placed a bar againſt the king's departure: the prince of the peace was deprived of his power and influence, and has eſcaped, whether out of the reach of the French or not, will ſoon be known: and perhaps he may expect ſecurity even from that quarter.

In this ſituation, the king can have no one to rely on. He muſt await whatever is deſtined for him in the mind of the lord paramount of Europe; who, perhaps, wiſhed in his heart that the king might have effected his eſcape, there is reaſon to believe, that he could not ſo eaſily place himſelf on the throne in his Spaniſh dominions in South America, as his neighbour of Portugal has done in the Braſils. Bonaparte was probably aware of the attempt; and there is ſome ground for the ſuppoſition, that the Rochefort ſquadron, which has eſcaped our vigilance, is now near to its deſtined ports on the other ſide of the Atlantic.—Whilſt Bonaparte is arranging the affairs of Old Spain, his generals will be performing the ſame taſk in Spaniſh America, whether they take their ſtand in the regions of Peru, or in the country near Mexico. If the Rochefort ſquadron has really not

not paſſed through the ſtraits of Gibraltar, we cannot ſuppoſe them to have taken any other track than towards Spaniſh America. By going round the Cape Horn, they will be entirely out of the way of our cruizers; and they may ſafely purſue any meaſures in Peru, where the French name ſtand as high, as the Engliſh name, ſince the calamitous affair at Buenos Ayres, is debaſed. If it ſteers its courſe to Mexico, there is danger of metting one of our ſquadrons in the Weſt Indies, which would render the ſcheme abortive; but ſhould it reach the bay of Mexico, then that part of the Spaniſh dominions will be revolutioniſed. In either caſe, we may look upon the power of the king of Spain as gone; or, if he is permitted to retain any, it will be only in ſuch portions, and in ſuch places, as ſatisfies his conqueror.

Surely theſe are very extraordinary events. A few preceding years have exhibited France overawing its adverſaries by dint of arms. The whole continent was armed againſt her; and Great Britain was looked up to as the grand inſtrument of the deliverance of Europe. The power of France overcame all oppoſition: but ſtill it might have been expected that the efforts of Great Britain would have preſerved her at leaſt ſome partiſans, even in the countries which were compelled to ſubmit to ſuperior force and diſcipline. Two unfortunate meaſures, nearly at the ſame time, have contributed to deſtroy all the influence which this country might have poſſeſſed. Theſe were the diſaſtrous expeditions at Copenhagen and Buenos Ayres: in the one, our arms gained no honour; in the other, they were covered with diſgrace. Theſe two ill-adviſed meaſures have given Bonaparte ſuch a preponderance on the continent, that nothing ſeems likely to reſiſt him: and with the approbation of the people, he every where changes the form of the governments, and preſents a novel power, which cannot be put down, till the great end, for which it was raiſed, has been accompliſhed.

We cannot, as yet, tell what he will do in Spain. What his generals have done in Portugal, may lead to a ſufficient conjecture on the future acts of their maſter. Junot is clearing the temples of Portugal of the impious object of that country's idolatry.—Avarice may be the motive for ſecuring the graven images of gold and ſilver; contempt overthrows the idols of wood and braſs. An anſwer, given to a maſs of cheating prieſts on a favourite idol, may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the ſtate of that country. If the image, he ſaid, is of wood, fling it into the Tagus; if it is of braſs, break it into pieces; if it is of ſilver or gold, I muſt have it.

Whatever contempt the general may caſt upon the idols of the country, or however bare he may ſtrip the churches, we cannot feel any regret at theſe acts. We rejoice, however, that the diſtreſſes of the inhabitants are not ſo great as they were firſt repreſented to be. A ſcarcity prevails, but they are far from experiencing the horrors of famine; and the French, with their uſual activity, are planning and executing new improvements, which will be greatly for the advantage of Liſbon, and which the old court would never have had the ſpirit to undertake. We hope in our next to be able to declare with certainty that the inquiſition no longer exiſts in Spain and Portugal; that that abominably wicked tribunal is deſtroyed, and that complete religious liberty is reſtored in two extenſive countries, where it had been completely annihilated. Such an event will more than compenſate for all the tranſient ills which may be occaſioned by the exactions and contributions of the French; for, as much as the mind is ſuperior to the body, ſo much is religious ſuperior to civil liberty.

Bonaparte, wherever he has gone, has proclaimed the principles of religious liberty, and it is firmly, it is ſaid, eſtabliſhed in France. Yet ſtill there are religions paid by the ſtate, namely, the papiſt, the lutheran, the calviniſt, and the jewiſh; and the decree fixing the ſalaries of the Rabbis, which very lately appeared, is one of the ſingularities of the preſent times. This decree, with that on education, proves, the French emperor while he is regulating the concerns of foreign nations, is not inattentive to the concerns of his own; and that he is determined that his reign ſhall form a new era in the opinions of Europe. His code of education is publiſhed; but we have not had the whole completely before us. From the imperfect outline which we have ſeen, the teachers will be under the inſpection of the civil power; which will alſo regulate the ſtudies of all the pupils in the public ſeminaries of education, whether ſchools, colleges, or univerſities. The cloven foot of the prieſthood appears too much in it; and, as the popiſh religion is the chief of the eſtabliſhed ones, its catechiſm, modified by Bonaparte, is an indiſpenſible one in every ſeminary. This has excited the indignation of ſome of our newſpapers; as if the catechiſm of the church of England was not crammed down the throats of the greater part of the young children of England, and it aſſuredly is more obſcure than that of Bonaparte, and contains very nearly the ſame doctrines. In

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the houſe of commons the wicked catechiſm, uſed in the proteſtant ſchools of Ireland, has been properly brought forward for public notice and public reprobation; and there is nothing in Bonaparte's code of education, which can excite ſo much horror and diſguſt. It is one thing, however, to make laws, and another to execute them. The revolution of France has given ſuch a turn to the minds of the people, that though various doctrines may be inſerted into catechiſms, they will have very little weight with thoſe who have arrived at years of diſcretion, any more than the abſurd jargon in the Engliſh catechiſm about the ſacraments has upon any one who has forgotten his rattle.

Bonaparte has not only eſtabliſhed the Jewiſh religion in France, but he has gone a ſtep farther in his endeavours to bring that perſecuted people into political conſequence. He has made them ſubject to the conſcription, and Jewiſh regiments will be formed. A nation that has been nearly eighteen hundred years ſeperated from the uſe of arms, cannot be ſuppoſed to make at firſt very good ſoldiers, but Bonaparte has evinced ſuch talents in every thing that he has undertaken, that this improbable object may be obtained by him without difficulty. The Jews were formerly very good ſoldiers. It may be neceſſary that the reſtoration of military diſcipline ſhould be one of the previous means for their reſtoration to the land of their forefathers, where it may require military talents, after they have rebuilt their cities, to keep poſſeſſion of them. The code, which relates to the Jews, is by no means flattering to their preſent moral character, and it is rather an experiment than a fixed law. If after a certain time the Jews prove themſelves to be worthy of their newly acquired privileges, they are to be completely aſſimilated with the reſt of the French nation, and to retain no other difference than what ariſes from their own voluntary choice in the exerciſe of their religious duties.

The changes in Germany are not completed. The king of Pruſſia has ſuffered farther defalcation, and has ſurrendered to the king of Saxony, Upper Silefia. The king of Weſtphalia's territory is enlarged by a great portion of Heſſe Caſſel. There is a report, that he may not long retain this kingdom, but being tranſplanted into a more genial region may, with the queen of Etruria, enjoy the throne of Portugal. Surely, in all theſe changes, a ſpace is left for Lucien Bonaparte, and he may thereafter poſſeſs royal honours in Spain. Without him the emperor himſelf would not have arrived at his preſent ſtation. The king of Holland ſeems to be very tranquil, and the old republicans are become excellent royaliſts. French troops have been marched in great numbers through Holſtein, and preparations are making by them and the Danes, for the great ſcene of action in the north.

The fate of Sweden is not yet aſcertained. Our laſt report mentioned the entrance of the Ruſſian troops into Swediſh Finland. The progreſs of them, from the imperfect means of communication, is doubtful; by ſome, it is ſaid, that they have met with no reſiſtance, by others, that the Swediſh troops can hold out till they receive ſupplies by ſea from Sweden. Theſe ſupplies cannot come for ſome time. The ſea muſt be cleared of its ice, and the ſame advantage will tranſport Ruſſian troops into Sweden. But probably it is the intention of the Ruſſians, if they can maſter the Swedes in Finland, to march round by Tornea, and invade Proper Sweden, from the north. The march is not very great, and the troops, when in Finland, can be eaſily ſupplied with neceſſaries from Ruſſia. Denmark has declared war, and Sweden has publiſhed its counter-manifeſtos againſt both powers. Such writings may amuſe the cabinets which iſſue them, but from the abuſe of language, too frequently in theſe papers, little attention is paid to them by the public. The ſimple plain matter of fact is, that the king of Sweden will not enter into the views of Ruſſia, Denmark, and France; he cannot ſo eaſily forget the principles which led him into his chivalrous attack on France; and not content with the loſs of Pomerani, he is reſolved to try the zeal of his ſubjects in the defence of his capital.

It is not eaſy to ſay what will be the reſult of this war. The Swedes are brave, and they are capable of making a firm reſiſtance. The king has ordered out a conſcription of all between the ages of 18 and 35. The queſtion is, whether he has officers to diſcipline them. We know very well what gives energy to the French conſcripts. The moment they have taken up the muſquet, the field of honour is open to them, and they are ſure of riſing according to their merit. All the officers are choſen from the ranks by gradations, and thus every man has ſpirit infuſed into him which is wanting in all the other armies of Europe. We know not alſo what ſort of generals are in Sweden. What we have ſeen of the king of Sweden, and his troops in Germany, does not raiſe in us very high ideas of their military talents. It is ſaid that the people come with ardour into the king's meaſures. Time will prove this. His courage will be tried in the north

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and south, and the French, if once landed, will not be slow in their moves. Bonaparte can bring his conscripts into the field, after three weeks training; we suspect that the Swedes have not so great alacrity. They have, however, a country to fight for, and so had the Prussians and Austrians, yet these nations made no resistance when the regular troops were beat. There must be a firm and decided interest which connects the king and the peasant, for the latter to fight heartily in defence of the former. Whether such an interest is felt in Sweden we cannot tell, but it will be seen within a very short time after the French had landed in the country.

The king of Denmark enters completely into the views of the French. His manifesto does not make out a very good case against the Swedes, but as he cannot look upon them otherwise than as abettors in the horrid outrage against his capital, some little resentment might be expected from him. It is said that he is to send eight thousand of his seamen to man the French ships, and that they are willing to go overland to the French ports. This will be a great gain to Bonaparte, and when he has settled the affairs of Sweden, Sicily, Spain, and Portugal, he may probably make use of them to our great disadvantage. Sicily has not yet lost its Bourbon king; it cannot be long before he ceases to reign; and it is unfortunate that we did not take better measures for the security of the island.

The Americans are still at peace with us. The embargo continues. Our vessels that went after the Rochefort squadron are said to have looked into the Chesapeake, but found the orders, not to supply us with provision, rigidly enforced. Those vessels made a long and unsuccessful cruise after the enemy. In the West Indies we have taken a small island from the French, of no great consequence; but it affords us an opportunity of preventing the privateers of Guadaloupe from annoying our trade.

Among the occurrences at home, the most important, and the most interesting, is one, at which all grumble, few understand, and still fewer give themselves the trouble to understand it. This is the introduction of new or the increase of old taxes: it was supposed by many, that mr. Pitt, the taxmonger, had arrived at the acme of this art; for, if it was very much doubted whether he possessed any one talent belonging to a real minister of state, still amongst those who conceived properly of him, that he was a very charlatan in politics, many gave him credit for talents in the raising of supplies. To be sure nothing could be more contemptible than the whole of his proceedings in his art, and in his reasoning upon it; but he appears to have been a mere novice, and to have bogged at little puny difficulties, when, if he had been a master, he could easily have found out a variety of objects to bring an additional revenue into the exchequer.

To whom we are indebted for the new light thrown upon this subject, we cannot tell; but a folio has been introduced into the house of commons by the chancellor of the exchequer, that if the members do their duty, the session will not break up before christmas. Our readers will agree with us in opinion, upon a concise view of the topics under discussion for the house; they are contained in a folio volume, consisting of thirty-five pages, closely printed: this volume is divided into three parts; of which the first contains the duties on admissions to offices, &c. on instruments of conveyance, contract, obligation, and security for money, on deeds in general, and on other instruments, matters, and things, not falling under either of the two following heads: the second part contains the entries on law proceedings, or proceedings in the admiralty and ecclesiastical courts, and other courts of law and equity in Great Britain: the third part contains the duties on probates of wills, and letters of administration, on confirmation of testaments, testamentary and dative, and on legacies and successions to personal or moveable estates upon intestacy.

LONDON, *April* 23.

THE Statira frigate arrived on Friday at Spithead, with mr. Rose, from America. She had a very quick passage, of twenty-two days, from Hampton Roads. Mr. Rose left Washington two days before she sailed.

We have just received the following information respecting mr. Rose's mission. The affair of the Chesapeake, we understand *has been adjusted*.—The embargo in America, however, is to be continued; but the American government we hear, declared to mr. Rose, that its continuance was to be attributed to the present situation of Europe, and not to any particular hostility towards this country.

24] Yesterday a cabinet council was held at the foreign office, to deliberate on the subject of the communications made by mr. Rose. The general complexion of these accounts are, we are given to understand, of an amicable nature. The affair of the Chesapeake, which was the immediate and insolated object of mr. Rose's mission, has

has been adjuſted in a manner agreeable to the feelings of the American government. The embargo is continued, but mr. Madiſon, in an interview with mr. Roſe, immediately previous to his leaving Waſhington, declared, that that meaſure was not levelled againſt the intereſts of Great Britain, or in any manner dictated by a ſentiment of hoſtility towards her, but was the reſult of a ſyſtem of prudent and reſerved policy, impoſed on the American executive by the general ſtate of Europe.

The Statira landed mr. Roſe at Lymington, and proceeded to Portſmouth; but at the departure of the poſt from thence had not had any communication with the ſhore, ſo that the letters which ſhe brought have not yet reached town.—We underſtand, however, that the report of an inſurrection in the Weſtern country, and of a revolution in the Floridas, under the direction of general Moreau, are unfounded.

This day the embarkation of the German legion commences at Ramſgate; and the 1ſt, 2d, 5th, and 7th regiments of the line will embark on Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday, the 4th, 28th, 43d, 52d, 79th, 92d, and 95th, will immediately follow, and embark as faſt as the tranſports arrive for their reception, unleſs the weather proves unfavourable. Seven German battalions, one ditto cavalry, and twelve Britiſh regiments will be embarked at Ramſgate by Sunday night. The embarkation of the troops aſſembled in the eaſtern diſtrict will commence at Harwich on Tueſday or Wedneſday, the whole expedition, which will compriſe upwards of twenty thouſand men, will be ready to ſail early in the following week.

The reports as to the deſtination of this force are various—ſome ſtate an attack on Fluſhing to be intended by miniſters, others mention the re-occupation of Zealand. Some contend that an attack on Bernholm, on Revel, Cronſtadt, and even Peterſburgh, is intended; while many are of an opinion, that Norway is the firſt object of the expedition. Be the purpoſes of miniſters what they may, they have obſerved creditable ſilence on the occaſion, and we feel pleaſure in congratulating them on the promptitude with which they have combined the means of carrying their plans into effect.

Windſor caſtle has been again of late much infeſted with maniacs. A very genteel man, who had every appearance of being an officer, and alſo a woman, who had uſed various ſtratagems to get into the palace, with a view to gain admittance to his majeſty, under pretence of having buſineſs with him, have been taken into cuſtody. The gentleman has been examined by mr. Read, at Bow-ſtreet: he ſays his name is Howe, but refuſes to give any farther account of himſelf. He remains at the brown bear public-houſe till it can be aſcertained who he is.—The woman has been examined by gen. Harcourt, who ordered her to be confined in Windſor goal.

26.] As far as mr. Roſe's miſſion tended to offer explanations with reſpect to the affair of the Cheſapeake, thoſe explanations were deemed ſatisfactory. His miſſion did not extend to the other points in diſpute, but it is believed that he required the removal of the interdiction of the American ports and waters, which had been laid on in conſequence of the affair of the Cheſapeake. This requeſt was refuſed, the preſident declaring that it would not be removed till all the other points in diſpute has been adjuſted. But this declaration was accompanied with an aſſurance that no hoſtile intentions were entertained againſt England, but ſituated as they were in regard to this country and France, they wiſhed to continue in retirement from both. Freſh inſtructions have been ſent to the American miniſters at London and Paris.—Mr. Pinckney has been nominated by the preſident, and approved of by the ſenate, as the miniſter to our court. In this ſtate affairs were at the departure of mr. Roſe.

Mr. Roſe took a friendly leave of mr. preſident Jefferſon, on the 28th ult. and no doubt was entertained of thoſe moderate characters, meſſrs. Clipton and Munroe, being elected to the preſidency and vice-preſidency of the united ſtates, at the enſuing election. Mr. Erſkine remains in America.

In the mean time the American papers which we have received to the 10th ult. and of which we have given extracts, hold a tone and language unfavourable to peace. In this they are encouraged by a recent meſſage from the preſident, which recommends the raiſing of 6000 regulars and 21,000 volunteers.—In communicating this fact, one of the American papers add, that 'a number of French officers are ſaid to have arrived at New Orleans.'

The Rochefort ſquadron which has occupied ſo much of the public attention and ſpeculation, was yeſterday reported to have proceeded in the firſt inſtance to the Havannah; and yet the Centurion which is arrived at Portſmouth from Gibraltar, has brought an account of the Rochefort ſquadron having arrived at Toulon. The Statira alſo ſpoke the Pomona frigate, captain Barrie, on cape Finiſterre, from whom ſhe learnt, that the Rochefort ſquadron had arrived Toulon.

General Frazer goes ſecond in command under

under sir John Moore to the Baltic. These commanders have not yet left town, and therefore the report was premature of the fleet having sailed.

30] The captain of the Diana, just arrived at Plymouth, states that he fell in, on his passage, with a vessel from Rochefort, from which he learnt that a report was current at Rochefort that an action had taken place near the Streights, between the British and French fleets, in which the latter had one line of battle ship blown up, two sunk, and eight taken. We mention this merely as a report, without having any means of ascertaining the degree of credit to which it is entitled.

Yesterday the following troops embarked at Ramsgate:

Third regiment, containing eight troops of king's light dragoons; duke of Cambridge's regiment, German legion.

Second division of the 5th regiment of the line; king's German legion infantry.

First division of the 7th regiment of the line; king's German legion infantry.

One company of the staff corps, and one troop of the waggon train.

Ramsgate is all bustle; the transports sail for the Downs as soon as they have received troops on board.

May 5.] When Bonaparte was at Bourdeaux the merchants in a body presented a petition to him, praying him to relax the severity of his decrees against this country, for that unless he did, they must be involved in the greatest distress. Bonaparte peremptorily refused, adding, 'that what he had hitherto done, was nothing to what he meant to do.' A second petition was presented to him, to which he returned no answer.

Saturday last, a proposition was made by several gentlemen of tolerably exact political information in this city, on receiving ten guineas now, to return one hundred if the Russian fleet in the Baltic was not in the possession of Great Britain in two weeks from that date.

7.] The report of the Rochefort squadron having proceeded to the Floridas, was revived yesterday. It was said, that intelligence had been received of the destination being St. Augustine, the capital of West Florida; but we attach very little credit to this report.

8.] Yesterday morning at two o'clock, an Austrian messenger landed at Harwich, with dispatches for our government. He came by way of Holland, and was put on board a vessel which sailed from Yarmouth some days since with passengers, none of whom, however, with the exception of 3 women were allowed to land.

By a gentleman who landed at Harwich yesterday morning, having with great difficulty made his escape from Holland, where he had been imprisoned for three weeks, we learn, that all the persons who assisted in the escape of the hon. Cecil Jenkinson a short time ago, have been committed to prison, and it is feared will suffer death!

9.] A horrid murder was committed on the bodies of mr. and mrs. Sledger, of Thaw farm, two miles from Drayton, Dorset, on Wednesday morning, at two o'clock. Three robbers broke into the house, and alarmed the family, and the farmer and his wife were bound together in bed. There was only a male servant beside in the house, who fled, and in two hours after procured assistance, when the poor old man and woman were found dead, mangled in a shocking manner. Their ages amounted to 120 years. One of the villains worked on the farm, according to the information of the servant, and has decamped.

Between eleven and twelve on Saturday night, a crowd of people, nearly to the amount of two hundred persons, were heard making a great clamour about the door of the marquis of Buckingham, Pall Mall. Some of the servants opened the door, and discovered that the attention of the people was attracted by the appearance of a basket on the steps of the noble marquis's door, with a label affixed to it, as if it contained game, or some present from the country. The label was written in these words. 'To the humane care of the marchioness of Buckingham;' and upon looking at its contents, there was seen a fine female child, apparently about a month old, very neatly and comely dressed, with a very handsome gold chain suspended to its neck by a new ribband, and it appeared upon the whole not to have belonged to one in very indigent circumstances.

15.] The *Hamburgh Correspondent* has copied the following article from a French paper, as the extract of a letter from Boulogne:—

The English cruizers are again in great numbers on our coast, as they probably expect an attack on our part which will certainly take place sooner or later.

The flotilla in our port is quite complete, and can in a short time be manned and fitted out.—The fleets of Brest and Flushing, which form the two wings of the flotilla, are in an excellent state and if an object is to be undertaken, can sufficiently protect the operations of our smaller vessels. Our privateers cover the whole channel, and do great damage to the English trade; but the greatest advantage is, they fur-

nish us with plenty of gallant and good sailors.

DUEL.—An unfortunate duel took place on the 11th of October last, on board the Royal George Indiaman, captain Gribble, between lieutenant J. M. Robinson, of the 74th regiment, and mr. Matthews one of the officers of that ship. The behaviour of mr. Matthews had given great offence to lieutenant Robinson and he challenged him. They met on the fore-castle in a fine moon light night. They were to fire together; but the piſtol of mr. Matthews burnt priming, while lieutenant Robinson's being diſcharged, ſhot him through the head. He expired inſtantly. On the arrival of the ſhip at Madras, on the 2d of November, lieutenant Robinſon and his ſecond, lieutenant Rawlins, were committed to priſon, to be tried at the admiralty ſeſſions which were to be holden on the 25th of the ſame month.

DUBLIN, *May* 5.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FLOYD has arrived in Dublin, to aſſume the command of the troops in this kingdom, in the abſence of lord Harrington, who intends to proceed for England.

Gen. Floyd is replaced in Cork by major-gen. Hill, from Fermoy.

It is ſaid gen. Meyrick is to ſucceed general Mitchell in Limerick who is appointed to Bandon diſtrict.

At the quarter aſſembly held on Friday laſt, in William-ſtreet, the freedom of the corporation was unanimouſly voted to the earl of Clancarty, in teſtimony of the high opinion entertained by the citizens of Dublin, of the many wiſe and ſalutary regulations introduced by his lordſhip in the poſt-office department, and which have produced a ſyſtem of diſpatch and regularity unexampled.

7.] On the return of lord Harrington from England, we underſtand that three camps are to be formed early in June; one in the Phœnix-park, which will include the troops forming the garriſon of Dublin; one at the Curragh, and one at Fermoy—his lordſhip is expected to return about the 29th inſt.

Wedneſday his grace the duke of Richmond entertained at dinner, a numerous and ſelect party of nobility and perſons of diſtinction at the caſtle. The lord mayor and ſheriffs were invited on the occaſion. The dinner was in the firſt ſtyle of elegance, and the wines of the moſt delicious kind. The company did not break up until an early hour next morning.

Mr. Gannon, whoſe unfortunate ſituation made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion ſome time ſince upon the public mind, died on Wedneſday evening in newgate.

Towards the concluſion of judge Day's charge to the juries on Wedneſday in the court of king's bench, he handed up to the grand juries a plan of a new bridge, to be called Ormond-bridge, to be thrown over the Liffey, ſomewhere in the neighbourhood of the courts. He thought, if they would permit an individual ſomewhat concerned, to offer an opinion, that the moſt eligible ſpot would be immediately oppoſite the four courts. Of this, however, and of the expence with which it might be attended, they were capable judges. The plan and elevation of the intended bridge, which he had in his hand, were moſt beautiful; and it was neceſſary that the two grand juries ſhould meet together and conſult upon an early day, to take the ſubject into conſideration, as the architect, who belongs to the ſiſter iſland, would be ſhortly called away upon buſineſs. Friday was appointed.

On Friday morning the northern mail-coach was attacked by a number of men about three miles from Drogheda. One of the guards immediately fired his blunderbuſs at the robbers, and it is ſuppoſed wounded two of them. This timely reſolution had the effect of deterring the villains from any further attempt.

As Leonard Ogilby was returning to town on Wedneſday evening from a friend's houſe, in the neighbourhood of Clontarf, he was ſtopped by two armed men, on the Strand road, oppoſite lord Charlemont's demeſne, who dragged him off his horſe, and robbed him of his watch, and about five guineas in bank notes, alſo ſome ſilver, and ſeveral other articles which were not of much value.

11.] Although every man in the nation muſt ſee with approbation any inſtance of the public veneration for the name of the immortal Nelſon, yet it is very much to be doubted whether ſo perfect an unanimity will exiſt reſpecting the intended monument, which pretends to perpetuate the memory of our deplored hero in this city. Several, and thoſe not contemptible for taſte and judgement in matters of the ſort, already find their enthuſiaſm for the dead quite at variance with their regard for the living, and they now begin to think that it was very poſſible to erect a column to the memory of lord Nelſon, without, at the ſame time, any nuiſances of public convenience being made. The ſite of the column appears, as this maſs of courſe muſt riſe from the ground to be unhappy in all reſpects; to lend no effect to the intended building,

building, and to offer a very considerable interruption to the intercourse between several streets. It promises to be a rallying point for beggars and idlers to gather round, and to choak up a very important opening in the confluence of four streets. The purpose for which it was erected runs the risk of being degraded, or almost forgotten, while there is very little chance of its being protected from disrepect or abuse by any architectural merit which the design or execution yet displays. It would not surprise those who have some experience of the errors in which too much confidence will lead the best intentions, to see at no very remote time this pile of stone removed from its present base to some more suitable position, where the public may be reminded of lord Nelson, more than of their own inconvenience.

12.] On Sunday last the Dundrum infantry, and the Harold's-cross corps, exercised together, and practised firing at the target for several hours on the strand of Rathfarnham, near lord Ely's gate.

An hollow square being formed, the captain commandant of the Dundrum infantry, stated to the corps the circular letter written by command of his grace the lord lieutenant desiring to know 'What number of the officers and men of each corps would find it convenient, and express their willingness to serve out of their own county, in case of invasion or actual insurrection.'

The officers and men answered with an unanimous acclamation, that 'they were ready, to the utmost of their power, to serve in any county, or at any time his grace should please to command.'

Colonel Croker, the brigade-major, who was then present for the purpose of inspection, expressed great satisfaction at this loyal effusion. He said, 'It shewed the true spirit of soldiers, and that he would have great satisfaction in laying before the secretary of war the written offers of service to which every name in the corps was signed.'

The following encampments are to take place in this kingdom during the ensuing month:—

On the Curragh, on the 8th of June, under the command of lieutenant general sir David Baird, and majors-generals Dunne, and Hoste.—Major general Affleck, to command the cavalry, which are to be lodged after a new arrangement, in their own stables, round the Curragh.—Colonel baron Rottenburgh is to have the superintendance of the light infantry.

A second encampment is to be formed at Fermoy, on the 14th of June, under the command of major general Hill, and brigadier-general Brereton.

And a third in the Phœnix-park, on the 28th of the same month, under the command of lieutenant-general sir Charles Asgill, and major general Leith, in which will be included, during the day, the garrison of Dublin.

14.] We have great pleasure in stating to the public, that yesterday the grand juries of the city and county of Dublin, sitting together as directed by the act of parliament, determined that a bridge should be built over the Liffey, exactly opposite the four-courts, and approved of a plan and estimate for that purpose; and as a mark of their respect for his grace the lord lieutenant, they have determined that the bridge should be called Richmond bridge.

Thursday, a very fine vessel was launched from the yard of messrs. Cardiff, Furlong and co. on sir John Rogerson's quay; every matter was so well settled previous to the launching, that she was sent into her new element without sustaining the slightest injury at the first attempt.

The rioters who had assumed the name of *thrashers*, have recommenced, within a few nights, their meetings, near the residence of sir Edward Crotton; who, on being apprized of the circumstance, lost no time preparing to endeavour to bring the offenders to justice. Though labouring under a personal infirmity, sir Edward put himself at the head of his servants and tenants, and about 11 at night came up with a large body of *thrashers* at the ford of Kiltoom, who on perceiving his approach, made dispositions for giving resistance. A conflict took place, in which three of these deluded wretches lost their lives, and seven were taken prisoners. The remainder fled in such consternation, that it is hoped they feel the danger of the courses they were pursuing, and will desist from any attempt to renew them.

17.] Yesterday at a post assembly held for the purpose at William-street, the resignation of alderman Kirkpatrick, and messrs. Dixon and Ogilby, were received, and they were, on the payment of fines, exempted from serving the offices of lord mayor and sheriffs for the year ensuing. Alderman Frederick Darley was then unanimously elected lord mayor, and upon a ballot, the members in the common council appeared to be for the following eight gentlemen:

George Sutton	87	E m. Stanley	65
John George	86	Wm. Poole	54
James Riddal	79	Wm. M'Kenzie	50
Nick. Kearney	75	James King	40

Out of whom the lord Mayor and board of aldermen elected messrs. Sutton and George, sheriffs for the ensuing year.

LADY TYRAWLEY.—Died, on Sunday, the 8th instant, at Foiltrim-house, the seat of

of Solomon Eagle, esq. the right honourable Mary, baroness Tyrawley, daughter and heiress of the late mr. Levinge, and niece to the late doctor Marlay, the admired bishop of Waterford. Her ladyship inheritted no small share of their amiable dispositions—their mental acquirements—and their lively sensibilities;—but she was blest with possessions more desirable than even the envied gifts of fortune and talents;—a heart and a mind anxious to sympathise and relieve the miseries of her distressed fellow-creatures; to be the joy and delight of the scene she inhabited;—to be a source of prosperity to a grateful tenantry: Her ladyship is therefore justly lamented, as the sincere friend, affectionate relative, indulgent mistress, and the generous patroness of a tenantry.—Yet these possess not an exclusive right to lament her removal from this vale of tears; for it is brief praise to observe, that whoever loves and admires excellence, shall lament her loss, while the votaries of sorrow, pain and want, shall pour forth the spontaneous emotions of grief, that the helpless have lost a staff, that the afflicted are bereft of one comforter. Her ladyship was cut off from this mortal life by a fever, caught from the child of a domestic in her service; the estates devolve by will to a son of lord Granard.

Saturday morning between the hours of two and three o'clock, the communication of the royal canal and the river Anna Liffey was opened; a number of persons assembled, particularly those who felt most interested in the business. It was expected that the lord lieutenant would be present, but the tide serving so very early prevented his grace from honouring the ceremony with his company.

Yesterday evening a grand masquerade took place at the rotunda, which was most numerously attended, not only by all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the metropolis, but by a host of laughter-loving loungers, dashing citizens, and a long train of *et ceteras*, down to the spruce haberdasher's apprentice. The supper, which was provided by Morrison, in his usual stile of excellence, had more to boast of on the score of abundance, than for its fanciful arrangement; a distinction which appeared not a little gratifying to about 800 votaries, who performed their rites, with a zeal truly *epicurean*.

We are concerned to state, that the mob last night proceeded to several acts of outrage in the streets. The coachman of mr. Kemmis received so violent a contusion by the stroke of a stone, that the unfortunate man is since dead. A lady of most respectable rank in this city, was also much injured by the flight of stones which surrounded her carriage. The destruction which took place in the windows of Sackville-street, can hardly be imagined—scarcely a house escaped, and in some the window-frames were completely broken in, in consequence of their neglecting to exhibit lights for the convenience of the mob. A constant patrole of dragoons passed through the streets, though they were totally inadequate, as may be readily supposed, to maintain the public tranquility.

YEOMANRY VOLUNTEERING——The Sandy-mount corps of yeomanry have offered their services in a most spirited manner to serve whenever required in any part of Ireland.

21.] There were three fashionable dinner parties on Thursday—one at the custom-house, given by lord Castlecoote; a second by sir Edward Littlehales, Phœnix-park; and a third at sir Charles Asgill's, Merrion square. In the evening the whole of the different parties assembled at mr. Pallifer's, Merrion-square, where there was a concert, ball and supper, at which their graces the duke and duchess of Richmond, and upwards of 300 fashionables were present.

On Wednesday, at the express desire of her grace the duchess of Richmond, that fine body of men, the 91st regiment, or Argyleshire highlanders, were reviewed in the Phœnix-park. Her grace came to the ground at half-past eleven o'clock, in her state carriage, with her usual attendants; the duke of Richmond was on horseback.

On her grace appearing in the front of the regiment, she was received with a royal salute—after which her grace passed down the lines, and it was, no doubt, most flattering to her countrymen, to see her grace in the highland bonnet and tartan plaid: never did her grace look more truly elegant than she did in the national dress of her country.

The various evolutions were performed with that exactness which reflect the highest credit on their commanding officer, colonel Crawford and his officers; their movements were universally applauded, and called forth the highest encomiums from that veteran general Floyd. The ground was crowded and most fashionably attended.—Many officers of rank were present, and seemed to agree that this excellent regiment might be *equalled* but not *excelled*; and having been formerly under general John Hope, there can be but one opinion as to the system they have been taught.——After the review, the commanding officer and his officers were sumptuously entertained at the lodge, with every kind of refreshment.

During

During the repaſt, her grace, in the moſt condeſcending manner, entered familiarly into converſation with ſeveral of the officers, and previous to their leaving the lodge, her grace expreſſed a wiſh that the officers ſhould be individually preſented by colonel Crawford, when they took their leave of her grace, previous to their embarkation for foreign ſervice; and although we regret the departure of this moſt valuable regiment, we ſhall with pleaſure add our beſt wiſhes to the very flattering marks of favour they have received from their moſt amiable countrywoman, her grace the ducheſs of Richmond, and may the gale that wafts them from theſe ſhores be propitious.

24.] A moſt daring attack has recently been made by the *thraſhers* on a reſpectable gentleman near Ballinamore, in the county of Roſcommon. After having forced their way into his houſe in the middle of the night, the uſual oath was tendered to him, which he refuſing to take, one of the villains exhibited to his aſtoniſhed eyes a dreadful machine in the form of a wool-card, filled with crooked iron ſpikes, and a weighty hammer ready to infix them into his back at a blow! It is not to be wondered at, that this horrid preparation produced his immediate compliance to their demand, and they then ſwore him to the following terms:

1ſt, That he ſhould not purchaſe tythes, except from a miniſter—2dly, That he ſhould pay only the dues to the Roman clergy.—3dly, That he ſhould not give evidence againſt a *thraſher* in a court of juſtice.—4thly, That he will be faithful to, and bear true allegiance to *captain thraſher*.

On the next morning he ſurrendered himſelf, and gave an account of the tranſaction to lord Aſhtown, who on the next day apprehended ſeveral of thoſe miſcreants, and lodged them in goal, to abide their trials on the above and ſeveral ſimilar offences.

We underſtand that it is the intention of government to reduce a conſiderable portion of the Britiſh cavalry, which are now uſeleſs on continental ſervice, and ſince the eſtabliſhment of volunteer corps, are almoſt generally ſo in England: the price of horſe corn is enhanced by ſo many regiments of cavalry remaining unneceſſarily embodied.

A moſt afflicting circumſtance occurred, we are informed, on Monday ſe'night, in the houſe of mr. Whelan, a reſpectable farmer and dealer, at Kilmeaden, county Waterford. His two daughters retired to bed, at their accuſtomed hour, and by ſome fatal neglect, the bed took fire, by which means both of them loſt their lives. We underſtand the fire was diſcovered in time to preſerve the houſe and furniture, though too late to ſave the lives of the unfortunate females. The youngeſt languiſhed until Wedneſday morning, in the moſt excruciating torture, and then expired.

An arch wag, in the character of a watchman borrowed a gentleman's watch at the late maſquerade. The watchman's forgetting to return it, is conſidered by the gentleman (*maugre the pun*) as no joke.

The injury which was received by a lady of the higheſt reſpectability, on the night of the laſt maſquerade, we are truly concerned to hear is of more ſerious conſequence than was at firſt ſuppoſed. She ſtill remains dangerouſly ill, and it is feared a fracture has been the conſequence. Happy indeed ſhall we be to find the report without foundation.

26.] A grand review of the troops in garriſon, and the ſeveral yeomanry corps of this city and its neighbourhood, will take place on the fourth of June, in honour of the birth-day of our beloved ſovereign.

It is much to the honour of Thomas Alcock, eſq. the active deputy mayor of Waterford, that he has cauſed ſeveral ſhops in that city to be opened for the ſale of oatmeal, for the poorer orders, two pence in the ſtone cheaper than it has been ſold for ſome time paſt.

In the laſt Limerick paper we find an advertiſement, ſigned by thirty eminent merchants in the corn trade of that city, wherein they agree to diſcontinue the purchaſe for exportation of wheat, oats, and barley in the market, and of oatmeal from mealmen, from the 19th inſt. to the 1ſt day of September next.

We are happy to learn that the Belfaſt markets are now plentifully ſupplied with meal and grain of every kind, and there is no longer any cauſe of complaint from the poor of that part of the country; we are alſo happy to learn, that the beſt New-York flax-ſeed is now ſelling at only ſix guineas per hogſhead.

Mr. Michael O Brien, miller, at Ennis, has agreed to ſupply the poor of that town with oatmeal until the 1ſt of Auguſt next, at three ſhillings per ſtone.

On Wedneſday evening, a fine boy, 8 years old, ſon of a private in the co. Dublin militia, fell, unperceived from a boat at New Quay, Wexford, and unfortunately periſhed. His body was found the following morning.

On Thurſday laſt, the rev. mr. Kearns, (prieſt) of Donoony, county of Wexford, was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horſe, near Adamſtown.

Extracts from the Local Militia Bill.

'The firſt is to allow an exemption for a certain number of years from the operation of

of the act, to those who are now serving personally, or by substitute, in the militia, or who have incurred a penalty in the execution of the militia acts.

'The second alteration is to enable such volunteer corps as may prefer serving in the local militia, to serving as volunteers, to transfer their services to that description of force, and to allow the officers of such corps to hold their respective ranks, even though they should not possess the qualifications required by the act, which are the same as are required by the militia acts.

'No member of any corps, however, whether officer or private, is to be bound by the decision of the majority, or compelled to enter the local militia against his inclination.

'A third alteration allows persons changing their residence from one county to another, if serving in the local militia, to transfer their services from the militia of one county to that of another.

'The fourth alteration is to provide the same support for the families of men (whilst on duty), serving in the local militia, upon whose labour they depend for support, as is afforded to the families of volunteers of the same description when they go on permanent duty. The sums necessary for this purpose are not to be a charge upon the parishes, though to be advanced by them in the first instance, but to be repaid by the receiver general of the county.

'The last alteration is that this force, when called out be placed under the superintendance of officers of the line.'

A meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Lisburn was held, to consider of the best mode of affording relief to the labouring classes of the community during the present high prices of provisions.—It was the general wish to afford relief to those who were willing to work, by bringing provisions more within the reach of their means, without relaxing their endeavours to help themselves; as the working classes are much more to be sympathised with than the importunate beggars, who, by artifices of one kind or another, extort more by begging than can be made by honest industry. A monthly subscription was entered into for the purpose of lowering the price of the loaf from 13d. to 10d. and from 6dh. to 5d. to the poor, who procure tickets for that purpose from the members of a committee, among whom the town is allotted into districts. At the public bakery in that town, the 13d. loaf weighs nearly 5lbs. which the poorer class now receive for 10d.

A Danish privateer has within those few days appeared upon the coast of Scotland, and has already done much mischief. She was first seen on the 27th ult. off Clythness, on the coast of Caithness, by some fishermen belonging to Portknockie. They kept sight of her next day; and on the following evening, saw her give chase to a three masted vessel, when the vessel ran for the shore, but they have reason to think she was captured. The privateer afterwards took a small sloop, from which they could distinctly see the privateer's men emptying bags into their own boat. Both privateer and sloop then stood off in company to the N. E. The privateer is a schooner or galliot of 8 to 10 guns, copper bottomed, with black sides, the inside of her waist red. This is the vessel that captured the William of Dundee.

The scaffolding for repairing the injury received by Patrick's church steeple during the late tempestuous weather, is now erecting, and that ancient cathedral will soon be restored to its former appearance.

The proposed grant of a certain sum of money for the the support of the Roman catholic college of Maynooth, procured in the house of commons, a very sharp debate. The opposition did not think the sum sufficient—the ministers did: and because they did, the opposition, who did nothing so remarkable, when they were in power, as wantonly to attempt throwing Ireland into a flame, represent the present ministers as the enemies of the catholics, and as having adopted a general system of persecution.—Not one of these charges can they prove—What catholic can be persecuted by them? What man have they vexed in any way on account of his religious opinions?—What man is prevented from professing or practising in the face of day, the rites of the catholic persuasion? They know this well enough; but it is their object to raise a clamour. And how do these enemies of persecution, as the opposition calls themselves, prove their love of toleration? by not suffering any body to differ with them, without holding them up to public detestation as the most intolerant bigots.—The opposition may think it best to throw down all the barriers that oppose the introduction of catholics into any, or all the offices of state.—Let them think so.—But surely those who do not think so, may claim the right of being permitted to entertain the opinion that the constitution will be best preserved by keeping up those barriers.

Thursday night a gang of robbers, five in number, armed with blunderbusses, pistols, &c. attacked and broke into the house of mr. Patrick Hogan, a respectable farmer residing at Cahir, within a few miles of Limerick, and plundered it of cash and notes to the amount of 81 guineas, also wearing apparel, linen, bacon, and every portable

portable article that they could find. Immediately after their departure, mr. Hogan's ſon, a young lad, ſummoning uncommon courage, went in purſuit of them, and on his way called up five or ſix neighbours, to whom he communicated the circumſtance, when they readily aſſiſted him, and as they proceeded, encreaſed in number, ſtill keeping the robbers in view, who were directing their courſe for Limerick, till they came towards Roxborough, and on perceiving they were ſo cloſely purſued, endeavoured to conceal themſelves in the grove; the active purſuers came up ſhortly after, and carefully ſearching the place, fortunately ſucceeded in ſecuring three of the banditti, the other two made off; they were brought into Limerick on laſt Saturday morning, and lodged in the county gaol. It appears two of them are inhabitants of Limerick, named Rourke and Barton, the former a publican in Fiſh-lane, and the latter a reſident of Garryowen: the other, Patrick Stubbin, of Ballyſeedy. They were ſearched, and on Rourke and Stubbin, were found 28 guineas of the property. On ſearching Bourke's houſe, a ſaddle and ſeveral bridles were found.

We have every reaſon to believe that the above unfortunate wretches are part of that gang, who ſo lately committed the depradations in the county of Clare, and neighbourhood of Limerick.

At an adjournment of the general quarter aſſembly of Droheda, a motion was made, and unanimouſly adopted, that a memorial on behalf of the corporation, be preſented to his grace the lord lieutenant, praying that his grace will take ſuch meaſures, as in his wiſdom he ſhall think fit, to leſſen the extravagant price to which oats and oatmeal have riſen at this early ſeaſon of the year.

BIRTHS.

IN lower Glouceſter-ſtreet, the lady of William Sweetman, jun. eſq. of a ſon.—At Richmond, the wife of Jol. Smith, eſq. of a ſon.—In Weſtmoreland-ſtreet, the lady of John Metge, eſq. of a ſon.—At Thornhill, near Mallow, the lady of Henry Badham Thornhill, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—At Holywell, Flintſhire, the lady of captain John B. Coldhurſt, of a ſon and heir.—At Fortaud, co. Cavan, lady Ann Maxwell, of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

AT Tipperary, William Markham, eſq. of Clonmell, to miſs Reardon, of Tipperary.—Mr. George Carroll, of Greek-ſtreet, to Lucy Dawſon, daughter of William Dawſon, eſq. Charlemont-ſtreet.—Richard Hamerſley, eſq. of Tipperary, to miſs Sadleir, of ſaid place.—Samuel Atkinſon, eſq. lieutenant in the 85th foot, to miſs Hening, of Banbridge.—Thomas Garrett, eſq. to miſs Neilſon, of Donegal-ſquare, Belfaſt.—At Newry, John Henderſon, eſq. of Caſtle Dawſon, to miſs Ann Thompſon, daughter of Acheſon Thompſon, eſq.—Doctor Forreſter, of Abbey-ſtreet, to miſs Maria Lemon, of Lemon-grove.—Mr. Robert Evans, of Limerick, to miſs Parker, daughter of the late G. Parker, eſq.—In Limerick, Francis Drew, of Drewſborough, eſq. to miſs Downes, daughter of John Downes, of Ennis, eſq.—Mr. John Joyce James, of Galway, tanner, to miſs Bennett, daughter of mr. Robert Bennett, of that city.—At Fareham, England, E. O'Brien, eſq. rear-admiral of the blue, to mrs. Brady of Catisfield, Hampſhire.—Wm. O'Shea, jun. of Foreſt-lodge, near Newport, county Tipperary, to miſs Greene, daughter of mr. John Greene, of Derrygreen, in ſaid county.—Wm Buſteed, eſq. of Tralee, to miſs Hickſon.—In Youghal, mr. Thomas Hill, of Cork, to miſs H. Pollock.—At Galway, captain Charles Peſhall, of the 88th regiment, to miſs Martin, daughter of Richard Martin, eſq. m. p. for the county of Galway.—At Clyne, lieutenant Ralph Gore, of the royal navy, to miſs Hay, only daughter of the late col. Alex. Hay, of the 4th veteran battalion.—At Bath, the rev. G. Thomas, to Frances, daughter of Stephen Rice, eſq.—In London, vice admiral Duckworth, to

miſs

miſs Buller, daughter of the late W. Buller, biſhop of Exeter.—Thomas Arthure, eſq. M. D. of Newry, ſecond ſon of the late Benedict Arthure, of Seafield, county of Dublin, to miſs Frances Ann Armſtrong, daughter of the late Francis Armſtrong, of this city.

DEATHS.

ON Tueſday, April 12, at Moira-houſe, Uſher's Iſland, Elizabeth counteſs dowager of Moira, and baroneſs Hungerford.—In Dorſet-ſtreet, mrs. Noble, relict of the late rev. Wm. Noble, of Cork.—Mr. Thomas Terſon, many years a reſpectable dealer in wine, and poſt-maſter of Portarlington.—At Ennis, Thomas Dalhunty, eſq.—At Knockanira, miſs Ellen Mulvihill, daughter of D. Mulvihill, eſq.—Edward Cudmore, of Limerick, eſq. attorney.—At Cork, Samuel Peecock, eſq. captain in the 71ſt highland foot, aged 30.—At Newcaſtle, mr. R. Drew, aged 22.—At Ballylegat, county Waterford, Pierce Sullivan, eſq.—At Belfaſt, mr. James Grainger, jun.—At Stonehouſe, miſs Iſabella Langton, daughter of the counteſs of Rother.—At Wexford, Henry Cooper, eſq. attorney one of the coroners for that co.—At Harold's-croſs, Thomas Auſtin, eſq. ſecond ſon of William Fenton Auſtin, eſq. formerly of the county of Cork.—At Cahircouliſh, John Gammel, aged 90: he ſerved in the Scottiſh rebellion under the duke of Cumberland, and was in the battles of Dettingen and Foutenoy, then a ſoldier in the Ligonier, or 4th dragoon guards.—In Mountjoy-ſquare, ſir Broderick Chinnery, bart.——In Eccles-ſtreet, mrs. Forbes.——At Stephen's-green, mrs. Leet, relict of Amb oſe Leet, eſq.—In Baggot-ſtreet, mrs. Mary Smith, relict of the late mr. John Smith, of Grafton-ſtreet.—At Tullamore, in the King's county, Nicholas Crawford, eſq.—In Parliament-ſtreet, mr. Morris, tin plate worker.—At his ſeat, Clover-hill, near Roſcommon, T. Thewles, eſq.—At Rathmines, mr. Michael Andrews.——At Scarteen, near Clonakilty, county Cork, William, Callanan, eſq. M. D.—The rev. Andrew Alexander preſbyterian miniſter of Urney, aged 82, and the 60th of his miniſtry.—At Bath, admiral John Brown.—At Birmingham, mr. John Collins one of the proprietors of the Birmingham Chronicle, and the facetious author of the Evening Bruſh.—Mr. Francis Coleman, of Dame-ſtreet, ſilk mercer; a gentleman who lived for many years with the moſt unimpeachable character.—mr. William Simmons, perfumer, of Capel-ſtreet.—At Fair View, near Ballybough-bridge, mrs. Catharine Brady, widow of the late Patrick Brady, of ſaid place.—Mrs. Armſtrong, wife of mr. Thomas Armſtrong, of Sackville-ſtreet.—At Oughterard, ſurgeon Kennedy, of the 7th garriſon-battalion.—At Galway, maſter John Hoſty.—At Cappach, county Galway, Peter Browne, eſq.—At his father's houſe in Townſhend-ſtreet, John Pentland, eſq.—In Tralee, miſs Mary Leyne.—At Groom, county Limerick, mrs. O'Flaherty.—Alexander Munkitrick, of Ardee, county of Louth, eſq.—On the Coombe, mr. Leonard Ritſon, printer.—At Hydrabad, in the Eaſt Indies, John Moore, ſon of Hamilton Moore, eſq. of the county of Down.—In Trinity-ſtreet, after a tedious indiſpoſition, borne with much fortitude, mr. James Campbell; a youth deeply regretted by his friends and relatives.—Near Cullybacky, Martha Hannah, aged 126 years. She was born near Dungannon; told the writer of this ſhe remembered to have heard the ſhots fired in an engagement that took place there in the year 1690; and that ſhe carried the victuals to the maſons and carpenters who built Cullybackey meeting-houſe in 1727, ſhe being then 45 years of age. She was an old maid, never had children, enjoyed a conſtant ſtate of good health until a few days before her death. She was a little woman, meaſured laſt year four feet ſeven inches.—At Ballygurteen, county Kilkenny, at the extraordinary age of 110 years, during the laſpe of which he never experienced one hour's ſickneſs, Denis Carroll, farmer; he retained the full poſſeſſion of his faculties to the laſt moment of his exiſtence.

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